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MEMOIR OF CARDINAL DE CHEVERUS.

JOHN LOUIS ANN MAGDALEN LEFEBVRE DE CHEVERUS was born at Mayenne, in Lower Maine, France, on the 28th of January, in the year 1768. His father, John Vincent Marie Lefebvre de Cheverus, was the civil judge, his uncle, Louis René de Cheverus, was the curate, and another uncle was the mayor, of Mayenne,

* Compiled from the Life of Cardinal de Cheverus, by the Rev. J. Huen Dubourg, translated from the French, by R. M. Walsh; the U. S. Catholic Magazine of 1845, &c.

thus uniting in one family the judicial, ecclesiastical and municipal authority of the place. His mother, Ann Lemarchand des Noyers, possessed eminent prudence, judgment and piety. She took upon herself the early education of her son, and instilled into his tender heart the most devout sentiments of religion and morality. She constantly repeated to him the sublime lesson of that model of mothers, Blanche of Castille, to that model of sons, St. Louis, King of France, "My son, God is my witness how much I love you; but rather would I see you dead before me, than that you should commit a single mortal sin." Remaining under the paternal roof he attended every day the classes at the College of Mayenne, where he was equally distinguished among his companions for his piety, amiability, frankness and application to study. In time of recreation he was "the merriest lad at school," and in time of study he was the best student. At the age of eleven years he made his first communion in the most edifying and devout manner, and at that early age he formed, and at once disclosed to his mother, his resolution of dedicating himself to Almighty God in the holy ministry of the Church. This Christian mother, more truly heroic than the pagan mothers of ancient Greece and Rome in devoting their sons to the military service of the state, cheerfully made the sacrifice, and offered her dearest treasure to the service of religion. At the age of twelve years he received the tonsure at Mayenne from the hands of the bishop of Dol, and continued in his daily life to set the example of a truly Christian life for all the population of his native city. Many distinguished persons who visited Mayenne were attracted by the beautiful character and promising talents of the youthful Abbé, and made brilliant offers to M. de Cheverus for the future advancement of his son. He soon received the position of the Priory of Torbechet, with a revenue of eight hundred livres, which enabled him to prosecute his studies in retirement and ease. This appointment was to the Abbé de Cheverus the cause of an unjust and vexatious law-suit, of several years continuance, which there was a perfect certainty of his finally gaining, but which he settled himself by voluntarily relinquishing his rights, against the advice and remonstrances of his friends. When asked why he abandoned a case which he was so certain of gaining, his answer was at once beautiful and heroic, "because," said he, "by winning it I should have ruined the adverse party." Having in the year 1781 finished his preparatory studies with great praise, he was conducted by his father to Paris, and entered at the college of Louis le Grand. The loose doctrines and morals of the revolution had by this time greatly impaired the religious discipline of this institution, but the Abbé de Cheverus persevered, in the midst of dangers and temptations, to approach the holy communion every week, and to lead that same modest, studious and devout life, which had been the charm of his example at Mayenne. He gave an evidence of his proficiency in his studies by publicly defending, on the 21st of July, in the year 1786, a thesis in the college with universal applause. About this time, standing an examination for a vacancy in the Seminary of St. Magloire, in Paris, under the direction the Fathers of the Oratory, he gained the first rank, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to sacred studies, frequently shedding tears of rapture over the sacred pages. By the rules of the seminary he was obliged to attend the lectures at the Sorbonne, where, amid general inattention, disorder and frivolity, the good Abbé prosecuted his studies with unabated zeal and industry. He was made a deacon in October, 1790, and the bishop of Mans, seeing so near at hand the troubles of the revolution, procured from Rome a dispensation on account of his want of the required age, and M. de Cheverus was ordained on the 18th of December, 1790, in the

twenty-third year of his age, this being the last ordination at Paris preceding the revolution. To accept holy orders in those times was to court persecution, confiscation, imprisonment and martyrdom, from the fierce tyrants, who were rising up in France to destroy both Church and State, and deluge the fairest of lands in the blood of the noblest and most virtuous of her citizens.

Undaunted by the calamities that were hastening upon his country and his religion, the young priest repaired at once to his native city, and assumed the public exercise of the holy ministry, as assistant to his uncle, the venerable Curate de Cheverus, and at the same time received from the bishop of Mans the honor of being a canon of his cathedral. He was soon called upon to take the oath of the revolution, which he firmly resisted, and, resigning his place, exercised the holy ministry in private. Restricted by the municipal authorities in the performance of his sacred duties to the celebration of mass, his father's house was at once his prison and his chapel. On the death of his venerable uncle in January, 1792, he was appointed his successor as Curate of Mayenne, and cheerfully accepted a place so full of danger. Notwithstanding his youth he was the adviser and the father of both the clergy and the faithful in those days of terror. Driven from Mayenne by the revolutionary party, kept under strict *surveillance* at Laval, imprisoned in the convent of the *Cordeliers*, and being in constant danger of death, he finally made his escape from prison in June, 1792. Passing through perils the most appalling, and scenes the most bloody, being in the very midst of the massacres of the 2d and 3d of September at Paris, "happening at the moment to be near the convent where the victims were sacrificed," with his pursuers constantly at his back, he succeeded with great difficulty in flying in disguise from Paris, arrived at Calais on the 11th of September, 1792, and safely reached England, then the hospitable asylum of the French exiles. The English government nobly tendered to the Abbé de Cheverus a participation in the generous provision it had made for the refugees, but he, though a stranger in a foreign land, with scanty means and ignorant of the language, with his usual spirit of exalted charity, thanked the government, and asked that his share might be given to others of his exiled countrymen who needed it more than himself. He immediately commenced the study of the English language, and in January, 1793, became teacher of French and mathematics in a boarding school, of which the principal was a Protestant minister. His pure life soon gained for him universal esteem among the Protestants, with whom he was thrown. Zeal soon prompted him to collect together a congregation of Catholics, with the approbation of the bishop of London, and in one year after his arrival he was preaching in English. He also received and accepted the invitation of an English nobleman to become tutor to his son, but did not permit this to interfere for an instant with his ministerial duties. He was appointed by his old friend, the bishop of Dol, then an exile like himself, his grand vicar, and was only prevented by the entreaties of the bishop of London from accompanying the bishop of Dol in his attempt to return to France; an attempt which resulted in the destruction by shipwreck of the bishop and all his companions. The Catholics of England were well supplied with clergy, and the Abbé de Cheverus therefore longed for some other field of labor, where he might render greater services to religion. He had scarcely declined the proffered presidency of a new college at Cayenne, when in 1795 he received a letter from his old friend and countryman, the Abbé Matignon, then officiating at Boston, entreating him in the name of religion to come to Boston, and share his labors in that new and fruitful vineyard, than which his zeal could neither desire nor find a

field more boundless or more needy, embracing, as it did, all New England and the Indian tribes of Penobscot and Passamaquoddy. Recognizing this as a call from above, after the most mature reflection and consultation, he resolved to obey. He made over his patrimony to his brother and sisters in France, and embarking for America, amid the tears and entreaties of the friends whom he had so edified in England, "on the 3d of April, 1796, he arrived safely at Boston, where he was received by M. Matignon as an angel sent from heaven to his aid."

The prejudices against our holy religion, which M. Matignon and M. de Cheverus encountered at Boston, are almost incredible, especially when recorded of a people so enlightened and educated as the Bostonians were. These pious missionaries commenced preaching rather by example than by word of mouth. The holy, pure and truly evangelical lives they led attracted universal attention and admiration. The Bostonians were astonished to see in these two strangers such profound learning united to such humility and simplicity, such exalted virtue united to such dignity and gracefulness of manners, such charity, gentleness and kindness towards every one, united to such zeal for a religion which they had been taught to regard as the opprobrium of mankind. They were charmed, too, to see such refined, elevated and affectionate friendship and intimacy, which never once degenerated into familiarity. In the persons of her ministers our holy religion became respected and honored, where before it had only been a reproach. Never did virtue and learning gain a more decided victory over prejudice and bigotry. The virtues of the pastors produced a corresponding effect on their congregation, whose exemplary deportment and good citizenship were acknowledged by all. Prejudice being now sufficiently allayed, the Abbé de Cheverus began to preach in public. His eloquence, which was peculiar for its earnestness, simplicity and vigor, attracted Protestants in crowds to hear him, who never went away offended, but always edified. Hearing of his extraordinary merits Archbishop Carroll tendered to M. de Cheverus the pastorship of St. Mary's church in Philadelphia, which his friendship for the venerable M. Matignon, and his love for his New England flock, would not permit him to accept. He soon afterwards paid his first visit to the Indian tribes of Maine, the Penobscots and Passamaquoddies, to whose spiritual wants he was ever attentive, and continued ever after to visit them every year. The sweetness of his disposition made no less an impression upon the rude sons of the forest than upon the refined and cultivated Bostonians. Upon his return from his first Indian tour he found the city of Boston afflicted by that dreadful scourge, the yellow fever. He immediately became the servant and the nurse of the afflicted—day and night he was to be found at the bedside of his prostrate and suffering fellow creatures, without distinction of rank or creed. His conduct on this and other similar occasions completely won the hearts of the people. So great was the regard entertained for him, that when President John Adams visited Boston, and was honored by a public banquet, the two highest seats at table were assigned to the President and the Abbé de Cheverus. And when the legislature of Massachusetts were preparing the formula of an oath to be taken by all the citizens of the State before voting at the elections, fearing lest it might contain something in conflict with the consciences of Catholic citizens, they submitted it for revision and amendment to the Abbé de Cheverus, who then prepared his own formula, and submitted it in person to the legislature, who at once enacted it into a law. Afterwards when opening a subscription list for a new church, which he proposed to erect in Boston, President Adams headed the list with his name, and nearly every Protestant citizen subscribed liberally to the same

object. With such liberal and generous friends of all denominations as he found on all sides ready to assist him, he found no difficulty in accomplishing the erection of his church, the first Catholic temple erected in the city of Boston, which was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll on the 29th of September, 1803, under the title of the church of the Holy Cross. While engaged in the erection of his church the news of the restoration of the clergy in France was brought to Boston, together with the most urgent appeals and tender entreaties of his friends and relatives at home to return to his native country, but he sacrificed family, friends and fortune for his dear New England flock, whose fate he resolved to share. After the opening of the church of the Holy Cross, all denominations flocked in crowds to listen to his eloquent and impressive sermons. Under his instructions many converts joined the Church, many of them belonging to the most distinguished and influential New England families. He was at all times accessible to persons seeking either alms, advice or consolation. Points of conscience were frequently submitted to him for decision by the heads of Protestant families, and so generally was his counsel sought, that a Protestant writer has said that "he received as many confessions out of the confessional as in it, because every one knew that his heart was a safe repository of all inquietudes and all secrets, and that his wisdom always indicated the path of prudence and the road of duty." He very frequently made long journeys to carry the consolations of religion or perform acts of charity. About this time he received a letter from two young Irish Catholics confined in Northampton prison, who had been condemned to death without just cause, as was almost universally believed, imploring him to come to them and prepare them for their sad and cruel fate. He hastened to their spiritual relief, and inspired them with the most heroic sentiments and dispositions, which they persevered in to the last fatal moment of their execution. According to custom the prisoners were carried to the nearest church to hear a sermon preached immediately before their execution; several Protestant ministers presented themselves to preach the sermon, but the Abbé de Cheverus claimed the right to perform that duty as the choice of the prisoners themselves, and after much difficulty was allowed to ascend the pulpit. His sermon struck all present with astonishment, awe and admiration. At their solicitation he preached several sermons to the people of Northampton, and so charmed were they with his fervid and earnest eloquence, his elevation of character and sancity, that they, who when he came to Northampton would scarcely give him a shelter to lodge in, now wished and entreated him to remain with them altogether, and it was with difficulty that he could get away. He was next solicited to visit a distinguished and remarkable Protestant lady of Philadelphia, Mrs. Seton, who desired his aid in her troubles of conscience. Delicacy towards the clergy of Philadelphia caused him to suggest a correspondence rather than a visit in person to that city, and the result was the conversion of this eminent and holy person, who afterwards, under the advice of the Abbé, became the foundress of the illustrious order of Sisters of Charity, at Emmitsburg. Several churches were soon established in New England by his zealous efforts. During all these varied and arduous labors he never once relaxed his habits of study, prayer, self-mortification, and the ordinary duties of his ministry. He was one of the most prominent promoters of arts, sciences and literature in Boston, a member of all the learned societies in the city, and, with Mr. Shaw, was one of the principal benefactors and founders of the athenæum.

At the instance of Bishop Carroll, four new episcopal sees were now about to be erected in the United States, one of which was to be at Boston, and the Abbé

de Cheverus was nominated by Bishop Carroll for the new see. Nothing but obedience to Rome could induce this truly humble and pious priest to submit to his elevation. Pope Pius VII, by his brief of 8th of April, 1806, erected Baltimore into an archdiocese, and created new sees suffragan to Baltimore at Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown, for the first of which the Abbé de Cheverus was appointed. He was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll, in the Cathedral at Baltimore, on the 1st of November, 1810. Returning to Boston, clothed with ecclesiastical power and dignity, no difference was discoverable in his humble mode of life, or in his simple, modest and generous bearing to his old friends. To the good Abbé Matignon in particular his conduct was most noble and honorable, regarding him always as his superior in wisdom and merit, and as his father. He continued as before to catechise, confess, visit the sick, the poor and the afflicted, and to spend three months every year in the forest with his dear Indians. He several times preached by invitation in the churches of other denominations, in imitation of St. Paul's preaching in the synagogues, choosing generally on such occasions for his subjects, the real presence, confession, the invocation of saints, the veneration of sacred relics and pictures, and particularly the infallibility of the Church. He also sustained several public controversies with Protestant ministers, in which his superior learning, powers of mind, and his courteous and amiable temper, always gave him great advantage. So much was he beloved that it was quite a custom for mothers to name their infants John, in his honor, and on one occasion, when administering the sacrament of baptism, having inquired the name of the child, and being answered "John Cheverus Bishop," "poor child," he replied, "God preserve you from ever becoming such."

Bishop de Cheverus frequently administered to the wants of the diocese of New York, then without a bishop, in consequence of the untimely death of Mr. Cancanen, the bishop elect, and sometimes he went to Canada to perform some extraordinary service for religion. He honored, cherished and encouraged the religious orders, which had been introduced into the country, particularly the fathers of the Society of Jesus and St. Sulpice, with whom he always cultivated the most affectionate relations. His devotion and spiritual loyalty to the venerable exiled pontiff, Pius VII, were eminently Catholic, and he was always an ardent and zealous supporter of the Holy See. Upon the fall of Napoleon and the return of Pius VII to the Eternal City, Bishop de Cheverus caused the *Te Deum* to be sung in honor of the event, and on the same occasion preached a sermon of surpassing brilliancy and power. At night when the entire city of Boston was illuminated, the illumination of the Cathedral, and particularly the cross, attracted great attention and admiration, being more brilliantly illuminated than any other building in the city.

The death of the venerable and illustrious Archbishop Carroll on the 3d of December, 1815, having devolved the entire duties of the archdiocese upon Archbishop Neale, then very aged and infirm, Bishop de Cheverus was solicited to become his coadjutor and successor, but desiring to spend the remainder of his days with his beloved flock at Boston, he succeeded, after much solicitude and many entreaties, in causing the Rev. Mr. Maréchal to be selected for that high position instead of himself. Relieved from the anxiety which the desire of Archbishop Neale to select him as his coadjutor and successor had caused him, he now devoted himself uninterruptedly to the diocese of Boston. He collected around him a number of young men, candidates for the sacred ministry, whom he took under his own roof and became the director of their theological studies and their

teacher. He also about this time undertook the accomplishment of his long cherished design of establishing at Boston a suitable institution for the education of Catholic young ladies. Such was the origin of the Ursuline Convent at Boston. On the morning after the arrival of the sisters the Boston papers indulged in some unfriendly remarks in regard to the new institution; the bishop replied the following morning in explanation and defence, and thus silenced all further opposition. What must have been the sorrow and mortification of this good prelate when afterwards in a distant land he received the sad tidings of the burning of the convent at midnight by a Boston mob, without an effort being made by the city to protect or defend it, and without the slightest punishment being inflicted on the incendiaries, who were acquitted by the tribunals of justice of Massachusetts; whose legislature afterwards refused to grant a pitiful indemnity to the innocent and defenceless female sufferers!

The failing health of his excellent and venerable friend, the Abbé Matignon, had for some time cast a gloom over the very existence of the bishop. At length, on the 18th of September, 1818, the good Abbé was no more. His death plunged the bishop, and I may say all New England, in profound grief. The highest honors that friendship, love and religion could yield, were paid to the deceased. His remains were borne in procession through the streets of Boston, followed by the bishop wearing his mitre, the clergy and the whole congregation. The people of Boston paid the greatest respect on this occasion to the deceased and to the procession and ceremonies thus performed in his honor. Still more, the journals of the city next day thanked the bishop for the compliment he paid to the inhabitants by thus relying on their appreciation of the virtues of the deceased priest, and on their enlightened and just respect for the religious views and rights of Roman Catholic citizens. Such was Boston forty years ago!

Bishop de Cheverus never ceased to lament the death of his dear friend, the Abbé Matignon. Yet he continued to be ever cheerful and indefatigable in the discharge of his arduous and greatly increasing duties, performing his accustomed works of charity and love equally under the burning sun of summer and amid the snows and storms of winter, always remembering his children in the forest. After several years thus spent the bishop's health began to fail under repeated attacks of asthma, and his physicians informed him that if he remained in that latitude he could not expect to live much longer. For three years he meditated on retiring to the bosom of his family at Mayenne, and leaving in his place some one more robust than himself to underdo the labors of his diocese, but he found his affections too closely entwined around his church in New England to come, of his own accord, to such a resolution. Finally in 1823 he received a letter from the Grand Almoner of France, conveying to him the desire of the King, Louis XVIII, for him to return to France and become the bishop of the vacant see of Montauban. This letter plunged him in profound grief. France and America had each upon his heart the most tender claims. After many days spent in tears, prayer and consultation with his friends, he came to the generous resolution of clinging to his infant church of Boston, at the risk of displeasing friends, family and king. His letter to the Grand Almoner begged and supplicated for permission to remain at Boston, and was accompanied by a similar one from his congregation, and this latter was signed by over two hundred of the principal Protestant inhabitants of Boston. The King of France being willing to listen to no refusal, the Grand Almoner in a second letter insisted upon the bishop's return to France in compliance with the royal wishes. It is difficult to

conceive of grief more intense than that which now bowed down the heart of the good bishop. He wrote to a friend about this time, "My heart is torn in pieces." But there was no way of escaping with propriety this separation from his church and his people, his physicians having now added their voice to the overwhelming considerations which were pressed upon him from France in addition to the king's desire, stating to him that another winter spent in Boston would be his last on earth. The entire American Church joined their lament to that of Boston at hearing the sad news of the intended departure of Bishop de Cheverus from the country, and sent to Rome a petition that he might remain. The bishop commenced his preparations for departure by giving away all that he possessed, distributing it among the clergy, the poor and his friends, and resolved to leave Boston in poverty as he had entered it. His heroic conduct seemed to inspire others. The most generous offers now poured in upon him from all sides. Among many others a worthy man, a grocer, who by a long life of toil and economy, had collected together a fortune of about six thousand francs, brought it all and laid it at the feet of the bishop, whose refusal to receive it, though full of gentleness and gratitude, brought only tears from the good man's eyes. The principal people of Boston, both Catholics and Protestants, raised a handsome sum by subscription to defray his expenses. Adieus and testimonials came to him from all parts of the country. The Archbishop of Baltimore in his letter exclaimed: "Oh! my God, what will become of the Church of America? Although placed at a great distance from me, you were, next to God, my firmest support. Will it be possible for me to govern my province after your departure?" The Protestant journals of Boston teemed with sentiments of sorrow and eulogies on the bishop, of which my limits will allow me to give but a single specimen: "This worthy prelate has passed nearly thirty years among us, and during that whole period has inspired all classes with the utmost confidence and respect. The amenity of his manners as a man of the world, his talents, his goodness as a bishop, his pure and apostolic life, have been the constant theme of eulogium; we deplore his loss as a public calamity." On departing from Boston he was escorted by over three hundred vehicles, which accompanied him many miles on the road to New York, from which latter place he embarked for Europe on the first of October, 1823, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Morainville, then returning home for his health. During the voyage he was not idle, preaching and saying public prayers for his fellow passengers, whom he always addressed as "my beloved brethren," and upon whom he made a profound impression, as he did upon all who were ever in his presence. The voyage was prosperous till towards its close, when a violent storm in the British channel overtook the vessel, which struck upon a rock and stranded, the passengers giving themselves up for lost, and preparing for death. Yet not one of them perished; their rescue was universally conceded to have been miraculous. The scene is described as truly beautiful, when Bishop de Cheverus, regardless of himself, was seen bearing in his arms his swooning companions to the shore. Such was the return of this holy man to the shores of his native France.

His journey to Paris was one continued triumph; not the triumph of a blood-stained conqueror, but a triumph in honor of virtue in the person of one who practised it. Having made his homage to the king, he hurried to his native city of Mayenne, to spend some time with his family. He was suddenly summoned by the Grand Almoner to Paris, in consequence of a letter from Rome, stating that so urgent a letter had been received from the bishops of the American Church

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against the removal of the Bishop de Cheverus to France, great difficulty was experienced in permitting the change. But matters had now gone so far, and the application for his translation to Montauban so ardently pressed, that the wishes of France at length prevailed over those of America. Having taken possession of the see of Montauban, he seemed from that moment to live only for his diocese. His reputation as a preacher, and as a holy and learned prelate, spread over all France, and his name was on every lip. On one occasion when about to leave a place in his diocese where he had been administering confirmation, his carriage was surrounded by the inhabitants, and detained more than an hour, until all could receive his blessing. In the winter of 1826 the suburbs of Montauban were submerged by a freshet, and the cabins of the poor completely inundated. The bishop rushed to the rescue of these poor people, and took over three hundred of them into his episcopal palace as his brothers and equals. During the jubilee, which occurred about this time, Bishop de Cheverus placed no bounds upon his zeal, and it is almost incredible what wonders he achieved for religion. But the diocese of Montauban was destined for affliction, as had been that of Boston. M. d'Aviau du Bois de Sanzai, the saintly Archbishop of Bordeaux, died on the 11th of July, 1826, and by one universal acclaim, Bishop de Cheverus was pointed to as the most suitable person to succeed the holy prelate, and on the 30th of the same month he was accordingly appointed. On arriving at Paris he was appointed a Peer of France. Having spent some weeks in retirement at Mayenne, he received the pallium in November from the hands of the bishop of Mans, and arrived at Bordeaux the 3d of December. His administration of the archdiocese of Bordeaux was energetic, exemplary and successful in the extreme. He kept always before his eyes the virtues of his holy predecessor. The establishment of an institution for the support of aged and infirm priests, the preparation and promulgation of a new and improved ritual for the government of his clergy, the securing of able and efficient pastors for every parish in his diocese, the providing of ample means for the education of youth, the formation of a religious circulating library, the founding of religious institutions, such as the House of Retreat and Mercy, the Hospitals, &c., were some of the objects that engaged his attention in addition to the usual duties and labors of his office. Besides all this, he had to visit Paris annually to attend the sessions of the Chamber of Peers, but this never prevented him from attending to the calls of religion while in Paris. He preached the annual sermon before the Polytechnic School on Good Friday with extraordinary effect, and on one day he pronounced no less than seventeen different discourses. Charles X often consulted him, and particularly in relation to the growing complaints and discontents among the French. On one occasion the king inquired of him concerning the liberty enjoyed in the United States: "There," said the Archbishop, referring to this country, "I could have established missions in every church, founded seminaries in every quarter, and confided them to the care of Jesuits, without any one thinking or saying aught against my proceedings; all opposition to them would have been regarded as an act of despotism and a violation of right." "That people at least understand liberty," replied the king; "when will it be understood among us?" It was about this time and during these conversations that the king first thought of applying to Rome for a cardinal's hat for Archbishop de Cheverus. He was also offered by the king the office of minister of ecclesiastical affairs, which he declined to receive. In November 1828, he was appointed a counsellor of State, and in 1830 a commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, one of the highest titles within the gift

of the Kings of France. These and all other honors were rather shunned than sought for by the archbishop, were always, when he could not avoid them, received with humility and diffidence, and were never permitted to attach his heart to the ephemeral honors of this world.

The revolution of 1830 came upon France, and the crown passed from the head of Charles X to that of Louis Phillippe. In the midst of the public tumult and excitement, which accompanied this great change in the condition of France, the eminent wisdom and profound sagacity of Archbishop de Cheverus became powerful auxiliaries of public order. While all the rest of France was in a ferment of excitement and disorder, the diocese of Bordeaux was quiet and orderly. The Archbishop did not conceal his attachment to the person and government of Charles X, but his country was yet the same beloved France to him, and he threw the whole influence of his character and example in aid of the efforts of the *de facto* government to restore and preserve order. Without becoming a partizan he did his duty to his country. He did justice to all parties. Charity to all men was the great precept and practice of his life. It was not surprising then that all united in honoring and revering so just a man. Innocence never appealed to him for protection in vain, the poor and afflicted found in him a friend ever ready to relieve and console, the orphan found in him a father, the widow a guardian, and the most bitter enemies became to each other the warmest friends under the mild and persuasive influence of his mediation. When the cholera broke out in France, he opened a hospital for the diseased in his episcopal palace, over the door of which he placed these words: "House of Succour;" how worthy, how noble an inscription for the palace of a Christian bishop!

The king now applied to Rome for the elevation of the Archbishop to the dignity of the cardinalate. All expostulation on his part was vain; all France called for his elevation, and to insure the acquiescence of Rome, the government bestowed upon him the revenues necessary to support the dignity of the place. In urging his request with the Pope the king dwelt upon the archbishop's "virtues, which, for a long time, had marked him out for the veneration of the faithful; the high qualities of which he had given such striking evidences in the churches of France, after having edified a portion of the new world; the wisdom and ability with which he had fulfilled his ministerial duties; and his ardent and enlightened zeal for religion." The language of the Sovereign Pontiff was: "It is due to the merit and virtues of the archbishop, and the zeal he has displayed in the dioceses of Boston, Montauban and Bordeaux." He was accordingly proclaimed a cardinal on the first day of February, 1836, and early in March he repaired to Paris to receive the red hat from the hands of the king, according to the custom in such cases. On the 9th of March the cardinal elect and suite, the chargé d'affairs of the Holy See, the legate, and the introducer of ambassadors, were borne in the royal equipages to the palace. The king was first addressed in Latin as usual by the legate, then mass was celebrated in the royal chapel, and the king kneeling in the sanctuary placed the red hat upon the head of the cardinal, who was also kneeling, and who, after all had retired, put on the red cassock and other insignia of the cardinalate, and proceeded to the presence of the king, to whom he delivered an address of thanks. From his elevation to the end of his life he gave himself entirely to the service of his fellow men, his country, his Church and his God. The virtues which had illustrated his whole life on earth seemed now to borrow a heavenly hue as life waned and heaven approached. The principal monument

of this period of his life, which he has left behind him, is the code of ecclesiastical laws, which he prepared for the clergy, and which remains still in force.

A stroke of apoplexy, which he sustained in 1834, had for two years greatly impaired his health, but had not diminished the activity of his habits, nor his zeal in the service of religion. On Sunday, July 7th, 1836, he officiated at the altar in several churches of his episcopal city with such incessant labor and fatigue, that in the evening he sank down with utter prostration, and on the 14th he sustained another stroke of apoplexy. On the 19th three masses had been said in his chamber, and during the fourth mass, at the moment of the elevation, he breathed his last in the sixty-ninth year of his age. His death plunged France in profound grief, in which America joined with the most heartfelt and sincere sympathy. The high honors paid at Bordeaux to the mortal remains of the late cardinal, though solemn and imposing to an extraordinary degree, were but the just tribute due to his exalted worth. This slight narrative of some of the leading events of his life does not render even a semblance of justice to the subject. Eulogy must remain silent before such eminent public services, and such a pure and exalted character.

THE INFLUENCE OF WORDS ON THOUGHT AND ON CIVILIZATION.

A Lecture by HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN, delivered at the Marylebone Institution, April 22d, 1856.

It has been well observed, that it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of a great mind to elevate every subject it touches to the standard of its own greatness. This remark is peculiarly applicable to Cardinal Wiseman. Every subject on which His Eminence turns his attention, be it ever so common-place, assumes a new form, and gathers interest and importance from the magic of his pen. Who could imagine a subject more dry than the one selected by the distinguished lecturer for the entertainment of his audience at the Marylebone Institution; yet how full of interest and instruction does it become, when touched by his master hand.

We will, not, however, detain our readers longer from the pleasure they must derive from the extracts which we here subjoin:

I am not merely speaking of words which convey their meaning to the mind, without in any manner exercising influence over its action, or in any way morally affecting it. As another instance I will bring a totally new signification, produced by the union of words that have no connection, and nothing in common. Take the word "drop" for example. A drop of water. A drop of liquid. It gives us the idea of something bright, elegantly shaped, and falling. The drop that hangs at the end of a bough in the morning—a drop of dew; a drop of rain. All these give us clear and distinct notions. The word "snow," too, at once presents to us a picture. We say "the ground is covered with snow," and the idea is complete, because this is a primitive word having a definite sense. Unite the two words and something quite different results: the "snowdrop," which gives you the idea of a beautiful flower—beautiful in form and color—delicately dangling on its slender stem, bright as the snow which often surrounds it; the har-

binger of approaching spring, the firstling of the season; and altogether it is impossible to imagine any word that could describe the beauty and the associations of that delicate little flower, more perfectly than does that thoroughly English name for it.

I will now proceed to illustrate and exemplify a word which will perhaps still better explain what I mean; and I would observe at the outset that I will endeavor to choose my illustrations from simple words, from "homely" expressions; in fact, the epithet I have just used gives me the word upon which I wish to dwell. It is the simple word, "home." There is an electricity in the very sound of that word, which goes at once through the heart of every one speaking English, from the school-boy with his holiday face, to the hero "bearded like a pard." It is a thorough German, or Teutonic word. We have, of course, a pretty fair understanding of what we mean when we say "home-sick." We understand that a person is languishing or pining from the desire to be at home. We should apply the word rather to one who is very youthful, and just separated for the first time from his home; and we can hardly have an idea of the intensity of the feeling, as it is found amongst our German neighbors—the *heim-sucht* being not merely a low, wasting away, but a burning fever which at length almost borders upon insanity. In foreign regiments it is frequently found that the moment this contagious disorder has entered their ranks, the men will run every risk to desert, and brave death itself in order to return to their native mountains. Now, to show how truly this is a peculiar word, that conveys an idea which cannot be otherwise communicated, see how the French express the corresponding feeling. With them the *maladie de pays* is the desire to be in their own native land. How great the difference between these two feelings, you can understand better than I can express. The one is merely a desire to be once more under the native sky, and to look upon familiar objects. The other speaks more than can be described by any other word, or by any group of words, and contains in itself an image and an idea that cannot be expanded even by the most eloquent expressions. To show that no other words will correspond, I will present you first with what may be an afflicting, but is unhappily too common a picture. Go on a stormy night, if you please, to one of the miserable lanes or courts in the heart of this metropolis, and there perhaps you will see a half-clad, emaciated, starving creature, seated on a door step. Ask her what she is doing there at that time of night, and under a drenching shower. "Why do you not go home?" you say to her. Could any answer touch you more, or come at once more to your heart, than if she replied: "Sir, I have no home." "You have a house," you say. She points to a wretched tenement near her. "Have you a family?" "Children that are crying in the dark for their food. A husband who is keeping up his midnight orgies in a neighboring public house, squandering in this one night the wages of the whole week; and I have fled from that house, because, when he returns here, I know what my fate will be, and I have only to choose between two alternatives, either to abide the peltings of the pitiless storm, or to appear to-morrow with bruised and livid face at the police office, to deprive myself of the small fragment of what remains to me of what once was home." It is not then a house, it is not a husband, it is not even children, however beloved, that make up the thought conveyed by that one word "home."

But let us rather look at a more cheerful view. At this moment our gallant army in the Crimea is about to quit that inhospitable shore; and towards what are officers and men all looking? Is it to shining medals, or royal reviews, or welcoming

cheers, or good fare and comfortable quarters? Is it to ease and plenty instead of hardships and privations? No, nothing of the sort. All look steadily and exclusively to one point, returning *home*. How varied the picture; yet how singular, how one the idea! The word is like a mirror, blank, inexpressive, unmeaning, until the features have been presented to it. The mirror is one, its reflections infinite, but each complete to him who seeks himself in it. What is this *home*. To one it presents a magnificent residence in Belgravia. To another it is a thatched cottage on a village green. To this it is a lordly mansion in the midst of a wooded park. To that it is a turf cabin looking over the bog of Allan. But to each it is "*home*." The young officer fancies himself surrounded by dignified parents, caressing sisters, and admiring brothers, who will cling about their youthful hero. The old campaigner thinks only of the tidy wife who will greet him at the door, and the chubby little ones that will play with his sword. And the poor orphan drummer boy only hopes that he will find his dear old granddame still alive, rocking herself by the chimney nook, to feel his clasp and raise her palsied hands over him in blessing and thanksgiving. No matter how varied the personages, their circumstances and relations, they all represent one thing. To each the thought is the same. It is *home*. Dark and bleak will be the day in this country, when this household word drops out of our vocabulary, or ceases to go straight to the thought, or rather to the heart of every one who speaks or hears it.

There is another peculiarly English word which foreign languages, however copious, have had to borrow from us; that is the word "*comfort*." But I do not intend to dwell upon it, for its idea is tinged essentially with selfishness. It suggests at once the thought of a deep and well-stuffed lounging chair, easy slippers, a cozy room with well drawn curtains, a roaring fire, a hissing and fuming urn, an interesting volume, and a good rattling storm outside—a thoroughly English combination, and only expressible by two English words, *snug* and *comfortable*. But I must say that even this exhibits rather one of our weak sides; and to tell you the truth, I am afraid it might suggest thoughts not very favorable to the present moment, and make you begin to feel perhaps that you would be more "*comfortable*" elsewhere than here.

It is only fair to say, however, that those languages which do not possess the peculiar German idea upon which I have just dilated, have a corresponding one which is perhaps more congenial to them. If they do not speak of "*home*," they have another word, a suggestive one, "*the family*"—*la famille*. Home is necessarily local in its suggestions. When we think of home, we run over in our minds, with pleasure, old spots to be revisited, secluded nooks in which we have enjoyed the pleasures of early life with those who were dear to us, and which we hope to live again to pry into. We think of the many sweet recollections and feelings which we fancy, at least, the local associations of the place will revive. The idea of the *family*, on the other hand, is personal, and the term tends to unite not only individuals, but generations. Go into an Italian city, and see the succession of what are literally palaces. You wonder what families can require such enormous residences. Florence, Rome, Venice, Naples, Genoa, Milan—in fact every city in Italy is filled with those splendid edifices, occupied even now by single families, and certainly when built intended always to be so. What is the meaning of it? Why that they were erected not for one race of the family alone; not for the father and mother, who gradually sent into the world their sons and daughters, to create for themselves new homes; but for the keeping united, sometimes four or five different branches of the family living under one roof, sepa-

rate and apart to a certain extent, but at the same time never liking completely to dissolve the early ties of domestic affection. It is the same in Spain, where on the marriage of a son, he does not remove from the paternal home; for there again you will find many families united together in a common abode.

This happy idea goes further. In Italy, all those who form the household, even the servants, are collectively called by no other name in ordinary speech than "*la famiglia*," the family; and a single domestic, as we used to call him more frequently than we do now, is termed "*famigliare*," a familiar, or member of the family. He has been born in the family. His father was in it before him. He expects to leave as a certain inheritance, to his son, the place he holds in it. And in this patriarchal way it is that in Italy generation succeeds to generation. We have not that feeling, because the idea of home is that of an individual dwelling—a dwelling which belongs only to the smallest and most concentrated family group. But we must not scorn those whose feelings are thus expressed, and who associate themselves together in this manner: for the same emotions which the simple song we have all heard or joined in in our youth, of "*Home, sweet Home*," has excited in us, may be produced in the heart of the Frenchman by the strain of "*Ou peu-ont être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille?*"

We have seen how a word may suggest thoughts joined with very deep and very pleasing emotions. We must now proceed further, and see how a word may be able to excite in us a thought full of moral meaning; and I will preface the illustration by a picture.

In the house of a gentleman, a baronet, in Scotland, there is a series of exceedingly interesting paintings. The owner was for many years living among the savages of North America, and perfectly identified himself with the mode of life of a particular tribe. He joined them in their warlike exercises, and in their hunting feats; so much so that when on the death of his elder brother he succeeded to the title and estates, it was with some difficulty, and only after a long time, that he could be discovered. Subsequently he returned to America, accompanied by an able artist, to paint the scenes of his former life, some of which he was able to repeat on the spot; and thus an animated series of paintings was produced. One of these represents the following scene. He is at the head of his tribe, a small and insignificant body of men, threatened by one far more powerful and numerous, which is bent upon its destruction. He has himself become the chief of his tribe; but as the enemy are coming to battle they have been told by their soothsayer that they will not succeed unless the other side strike the first blow. The picture represents this gentleman at the head of his little body of men, surrounded by yelling and irritated savages provoking him to strife, and for this purpose thrusting their fists into his face, shaking their tomahawks over his head, using the most insulting gestures, and uttering the most offensive words; but he stands calm and composed in the midst of them, knowing that the safety not only of himself, but of all who trust in him, depends entirely upon his complete command of self. I consider that really an attitude and a position worthy of a hero. But you will ask, how I am going to apply this? Let me present you with another picture of a mental contest. One comes up who is determined to "*pick a quarrel*" with you, as we say, and insults you in the presence of others. He provokes you. He even calumniates, and says the most opprobrious and unjust things of you.
 ✕ He threatens. He reproaches. Now remember, that so long as you can keep silent, so long as you can command your tongue, your adversary is powerless, the victory is yours. In a short time his store of vituperations is exhausted; by

degrees he gets to the end of his vocabulary of abuse; like a man fencing with the air and meeting no resistance, his anger is expended on itself; he languishes; retires discomfited, abashed, and ashamed of playing that solitary part; you all the time are calm, unruffled, satisfied, in peace. But speak one angry word in retort, and your adversary has gained his point. Victory is no longer yours. It belongs now to the strong. You have let loose the "dogs of war," and they will fight it out. You have unlocked the pent-up ocean in your own heart. You have awakened a tempest. Flash will succeed flash, thunder, thunder; and it is only he who can dart the sharpest, and roar the loudest, that will carry the day.

What word shall express to us, what phrase shall tell us, and convey to our minds, the full idea that all this might have been avoided by keeping silence and by checking utterance? All would have been perfectly right if you had but "*held your peace.*" What moral depth there is in this purely and exclusively English expression! It teaches you that you keep your inward tranquillity and preserve your outward serenity, perfectly, so long as you continue silent. And therefore most beautifully and most pregnantly is this word used in every version of the New Testament; in that description of the greatest of contests between unresisting innocence and foiled malice—foiled entirely because He who was assailed "*held his peace.*" (Mark xiv, 61.)

There is no country in the world in which human life has been regarded, at least until lately, as more sacred and secure than in this island; and I believe in my heart that we may attribute a great deal of this to the existence amongst us of one terrible word, which carries with it a sense of horror, and defines the guilty shedding of blood—I mean *murder*. In other languages a generic word is used to express a guilty or blameless destruction of life. "Homicide," for example, is the word in many; and homicide is described as "culpable" or "justifiable," and comprises every variety of death inflicted from accidental killing, through death in chance-medley, manslaughter to murder. But *murder*, with us, stands alone, detached from every other possible or imaginable form of slaying. It carries the whole thought in itself, of deliberate infamous guilt in addition to the act. Strip that away, and no atrocity or cruelty in the manner of death can bestow this name.

Let us test it. You are told, for example, that your neighbor has been *killed*; you are sorry, and compassionate the family. You inquire how it has happened; and you listen with a certain degree of calmness to the details. You are told, perhaps, that he fell down stairs and broke his neck; or that by mistake he had swallowed an embrocation instead of a mixture; or that he was run over and crushed to death by a public vehicle, or if a lady, she caught fire and was burned to death. Well, all this elicits many kind expressions of pity and sympathy on your part, and there is an end. But let it be told you in the morning, that during the night your next door neighbor was *murdered*, and a sickening sense of terror and abhorrence seizes you and your household. The very atmosphere of the place seems tainted; your feeling is akin to what would be produced by a declaration that the plague had broken out in the next house: you would probably try to leave your own for a time, at least. The idea of the midnight *murderer* having stalked so near you, would haunt and disturb you, waking and sleeping. That one simple word *murder*, then would make all the difference; and that this is not a merely modern or fanciful distinction, I will illustrate by referring to an event which happened in the older period of our history.

Every one who is conversant with the works of Sir Walter Scott, will remember the touching and romantic death of Amy Robsart. Of course he has described it as a poet. The real fact was this. Amy Robsart was the wife of the Earl of Leicester, who, having some hope of receiving the hand of his royal mistress, found his wife in the way, and determined to remove her. He sends two assassins to murder her, who first endeavor to induce her to drink a poisoned potion; which she refusing, they strangle her and throw her down stairs, that her death might appear to be the result of accident. But murmurs were soon heard throughout the land condemning this foul deed, and Leicester thinking it well to excuse himself as far as he could with the public, ordered a splendid funeral of his deceased wife at Oxford. Aubrey, a contemporary writer, who describes it, says—"It is also remarkable that Dr. Babington, the Earl's chaplain, preaching the funeral sermon, tripped once or twice in his speech, recommending to their memories that virtuous lady, so pitifully *murdered*, instead of saying so pitifully *slain*." (*Beattie's "Castles and Abbeys of England,"* p. 252.) Mark how strong the contrast, and how it indicates that the difference was complete even then, between that word and any other.

We have yet a stronger historical illustration of the terrible—the irresistible—power of this word in suggesting a definite idea. You have all heard no doubt of one who was a disgrace to his profession in the last century, Dr. Dodd. He was condemned to death for forgery in the year 1777. Every effort was made to procure his pardon, in consideration of his clerical character. The sheriffs of London went up to the throne with a petition in his favor, signed by 22,000 persons. The Queen received his wife, and accepted a petition from her, which, it is said, she presented on her knees to the King. The King was moved; he was relenting; he was disposed to exercise the royal prerogative of clemency, and communicated his wishes to Lord Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice. But that admirable representative of the principle of justice answered in a few words, amongst which, however, was one that decided the fate of the unfortunate man. "Sire," said he, "if you pardon Dodd, you have *murdered* the Pereaus"—brothers who had then recently been put to death for the same crime. The King shrank from the idea of doing an act which would seem to involve him even by implication in a charge of murder. That word turned the balance. The sword of justice fell into the scale, and the petitions for mercy "kicked the beam."

Again, how powerfully do we find Shakespeare wielding this word, and with what an intensity of meaning does he fill it! A person when speaking of himself will naturally try to palliate a crime. It requires a depth of remorse and the bitterest consciousness of guilt, to make a man use expressions which may be said rather to aggravate than extenuate it; and yet the poet makes Macbeth, after he has committed one of his foul deeds, speak of it in that sort of language. Hear him speaking, for example, of the sons of his friend Banquo. He might have said,

"For them the gracious Duncan have I *slain*."

But no, he exclaims with terrible force,—

"For them the gracious Duncan have I *murder'd*."

Again, he says,—

" the times have been
That when the brains were out, the men would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal *murders* on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a *murder* is."

But still more fearfully does he use it, when, applying it figuratively, he makes Macbeth exclaim,—

“Methought I heard a voice cry, ‘Sleep no more.’
‘Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep.’”

What power, what depth do we find here. This gives us the key to the only other use of the word, a figurative one. I have dwelt so long—I fear tediously long—on this word for two reasons. In the first place it is an example of a thoroughly English word, a word which has only a single meaning, except the possible figurative meaning which any word may have; but that figurative meaning can only be to express an act of destruction, and to bring home to our minds all the feelings that surround and accompany an atrocious deed of murder. “Murdered sleep.” That is, not as another might have said, changing sleep into death, putting a fatal end to sleep. No; the sleep ceased it is true, but the sleep was *murdered*. The sleep itself may be said to have been put an end to by the dagger of the assassin, traitorously, in the night; and that idea of killing a man that is sleeping unconsciously, excites in the mind a greater horror at the treachery of the deed, than even the *murder* itself could do. But the word has no second signification. You will not find its meaning numbered one, two, three, in any of our good dictionaries. No, it simply means to kill premeditatedly and wickedly, and it can have no other sense. And this word has every form. It has its verb, its adverb, its adjective, and its noun, denoting the actor or the actress. In fine, you could not select a term more perfectly illustrative of a word completely rooted in the language by every part of speech, and having a clear, definite and communicable meaning, than this of “murder.”

I will now approach a subject which is perhaps somewhat more sacred. Let me, then, by way of illustrating how a single word may exercise a very important influence upon our religious thoughts, and even upon our convictions, suppose that some one addressing a person simple in his habits, not learned, not deeply read, but at the same time sincere in his religious belief, spoke to him words such as these: “Are you aware that the great body of modern philosophers disbelieve altogether many parts of Holy Scripture, maintain that the deluge was an absolute impossibility, and incompatible with geological facts, and that creation as described there is simply contrary to natural phenomena?” What would be the result? Why, you would see an anxiety creep over the man’s countenance. You would become aware that you had trenched upon sacred ground, that you had disturbed an unsuspecting conviction, that you had suggested to him perhaps for the first time a fatal doubt, that you had inoculated his mind with objections which would perhaps rattle there until they had blighted his belief. And what does all this depend upon? Upon a word? Upon a single word? Oh, no. On a single letter—one letter. Say to him, “Oh, I made a mistake. I did not mean to say philosophers; I meant *philosophes* ;” his faith is restored; his mind is at rest; he has no longer the least anxiety; he laughs at the idea. One change of a letter—the *r* left out—and you have satisfied him.

See then of what importance a single word may be in the suggestion of a whole train of thought! What evil may be done by one word! What good may often be done by a word in season. And whilst I am on this point I will very briefly call attention to another word, which is connected with our subject: because it is a dangerous word that is gradually creeping into our language, finding its way into our books, and circulating even in tracts that are written for the poor. I

repeat, it is a very dangerous word, and one that we should do our utmost to prevent getting a hold upon our language. You may ask many and many a person if they believed there was such a thing as a fable in Scripture, and he would answer indignantly, "No." The word itself—the very idea of an invented narrative—a narrative made up of untruths—is repugnant to all our ideas respecting the Word of God; and one shrinks instinctively from the proposition. But how many there are who, if asked whether they believe there are *myths* in it, would hesitate before they said "No?" Yet *myth*, a foreign word imported into our language, means exactly the same as *fable*; although the poor and ignorant are told that it does not imply falsehood or material error, but expresses that a narrative is clothed in a poetical garb, that it represents to us the habit of thought of eastern nations, and that it is not to be interpreted literally, like a piece of modern history. This idea is being disseminated in every way; and there is no doubt that if that word once begins to take a place in our language, and to be artfully used, as it is already beginning to be, it will lead to the sapping and undermining of the faith of many. Therefore I say that we should oppose the introduction of such words. The object of this lecture is a moral one. It is to show the use that may be made of words; the evil use that may be made of some words; and to remind you of your duty to guard our language against them. You then who have the opportunity, should make him who requires explanation, know and understand, that in truth there is no distinction between the two words which I have mentioned, that a *myth* and a *fable* are only Greek and Latin words for the same thing; and that in them they are taking into their minds, and into their repertory of sacred words, the very root of the word which they would be the last to wish to see applied to that which is sacred; for after all it is the root of the word *Mythology*, than which there is nothing in heathenism at once more false and more detestable.

We naturally associate an epithet with the name of the Supreme Being; the bare, curt monosyllables seeming to us to be hardly sufficiently dignified. It is clear that this epithet, when once associated with Him, gives a color to the image of Him in our minds, and presents to us the aspect in which we habitually behold Him. In English, we have adopted the title of the "Almighty," the attribute most overawing perhaps of all. There is possibly something congenial with the national character in this idea of might, of strength, of universal grasp, of boundless power. Children learn it with their first religious instruction; and by degrees it so completely identifies itself with the whole thought, that the epithet takes the place of the noun, and the "Almighty" is the sublime name through which we contemplate the Deity, and which suggests the ruling idea of His Divinity. This idea must take its character from the word, and be united with the attributes of grandeur, majesty, dominion, irresistibility.

The German child is taught with its first lip to call the same Being "*Der liebe Gott*"—"the dear God." The epithet clings to the name throughout life, and gives a necessary coloring to the thought. Is it not an inevitable consequence that the softer and more amiable aspect of that mighty Being will be familiar with the mind, and more easily combine itself with the affections? Is it not to be expected that it should give a more filial and more childlike tone to all the offices of religious duty? And is it not natural that the reflection of His countenance should be looked for rather in the flower and in the brook, in the blue sky and in the singing bird, than in the storm-cloud, the thunder roll, and the lashing surge? In like manner a French child is taught never to utter that sublime name without adding

to it the epithet of "good"—"*Le bon Dieu*," whilst the Italian frequently says, "*Iddio benedetto*"—"the blessed God." These adjuncts naturally mould the thought or idea of God, and make it more accessible to the affections.

The bright aspect of that which is highest will necessarily cast a ray of light, reflected from itself, upon that which is darkest and most gloomy below. Green and placid, and soothing to the eye, is the old English country churchyard, with its stately but solemn yews, its moss-grown tombstones, and closely-swelling mounds. Yet a few years suffice to blot from memory the tenants of these plain unmonumented beds, and the school-boy whistles along the path that skirts his forefather's graves, and cattle feed in peace over the ashes of their owners' sires. It is a plain and simple name, that of the "Churchyard;" a thousand times more agreeable to the ear than such a word as "Cemetery" for instance, which has now lost all its once beautiful and christian meaning and significance, and infinitely preferable to the detestable name of "Necropolis"—which is thoroughly heathen, and has not the germ or spark of a moral thought within it. Still "Churchyard" is nothing to "Gottes Acker"—"God's field"—the name by which the Germans call it. That name at once sheds light and dew upon the place. It disinfects it of every savor of death. It connects it with the soul's abode; and thus joins the flower that blooms in the paradise above, with the seed furrowed and decaying in "God's field" below. There is to my mind a sweetness mixed with solemnity in this view of death. In no language, I fear I must say except our own, does one ever hear a person's death spoken of or described in terms of levity or grotesqueness. Nowhere else is any idea which borders upon the ludicrous ever associated with that of death. Far, far from such a feeling is that affectionate and joyous sentiment which pervades that simple country of Germany, and which decks the never-forgotten tomb with garlands on each returning anniversary. Nor can we be surprised to see, every day in the year, the "Holy field" blooming like a garden with perishable flowers, freshly scattered over the graves by the hands of children and of infants, who are thus early taught to feel, that in doing this pious act, they are in truth only strewing the path which alone conducts man to the "*liebe Gott*."

"Blessed are they that Mourn."

On, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears:
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are promises of happier years.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith: being Selections from his Writings and Passages of his Life and Table-Talk, with a Biographical Memoir and Notes. By EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. New York: Redfield.

OF that brilliant circle of wits and philosophers who originated the Edinburgh Review, unquestionably the most brilliant was that humorous parson, a selection from whose works lies before us. With a keen and trenchant wit he combined such good nature and such unswerving honesty of purpose, that few who suffered most from his shafts could retain malice against him.

The warm interest which the public generally feels in the departed wit, has called forth so many notices of his career in the form of sketches, reviews and magazine articles, that we shall be excused for touching but lightly upon this portion of our subject. His parents were persons of decided character. His brothers were all brilliant and accomplished men. Even as boys the young Smiths were dreaded as competitors by their school fellows, and we are told that at Winchester the pupils sent up a "round robin," to the effect that it was useless to contend for the prizes, as the Smiths always gained them.

Against his will he consented to his father's wish, that he should study for the Church and take orders, and in 1794 he was installed as a curate in a poor village, in the middle of a moor, where he succeeded in attracting the attention and conciliating the favor of the squire, that important individual in an English rural district. The squire, a Mr. Beach, thought so well of his talents and integrity, that he committed to the merry parson's care the education of his eldest son. Smith discharged the duties of this station, as of every other, with conscientious fidelity.

In company with his pupil, the tutor visited Edinburgh, where he soon became acquainted with the men who afterwards exerted so powerful an influence over public opinion in the columns of the Edinburgh Review. His whole time, however, was by no means taken up with literary pursuits, for in the second of the five years of his sojourn in the Scottish metropolis, he found leisure to visit London and marry a Miss Pybus, to whom he had been for some time attached. Her brother, a small poet and a member of parliament, who could not see the warm, honest heart of the future celebrity through the worn robe of a poor curate, violently opposed the match with the usual success of such fraternal opposition. The great result of Sydney's stay in Edinburgh was the establishment of the Edinburgh Review, a result brought about chiefly by his own hopeful energy.

The necessity of providing for a growing family compelled him to change his residence, and with a courage, which was supported by the confidence of his wife in his half-tried powers, he determined to seek a market for his talents in the great modern Babylon. The result proved the sagacity of his choice. He struggled manfully with the difficulties of life, and had the satisfaction of gradually overcoming them. He obtained one appointment after another, and these, together with the labors of his pen, kept his family in comfort. To his income his famous lectures on Moral Philosophy, which were attended with brilliant success, made quite a handsome addition. Soon after this he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire, and went down to reside at the parsonage. Here he busied himself in the duties of his vicarage, in building, in studying, and in writing. He

remained here for fourteen years, till his appointment to the prebendal stall at Bristol, when he removed to Combe Florey. A year afterwards he became canon residentiary at St. Paul's in London. Between Combe Florey and London he spent his time until his death in February, 1845.

To enumerate the subjects on which Sydney Smith wrote, would be to make out a list of every question which interested the public mind during the period of his literary activity. Possessed of information at once extensive and accurate, blessed by nature not only with wit, but with a clear head, and sound, practical, common sense, he treated all these questions with boldness and originality, and with a vivacity peculiarly his own. In his hands the dullest themes became instinct with life, the obscurest topics were illuminated by his brilliant intellect. Moral Philosophy with him was no longer a learned *rechauffée* of clashing opinions, repulsive by its Greek and Latin terminology, and wearisome by its endless and fruitless disputations. It was an investigation of the phenomena of mind, intelligible to any one who chose to listen, while the sparkling wit, with which it was expounded, compelled the attention of every one who heard.

One of the first of his controversies which attracted more than ordinary attention was that with the Methodists, under the lead of their champion, the dull and doughty John Styles. The first assault was made by the clerical wit, in the columns of the Edinburgh Review, under the guise of criticism on a stupid book by a Mr. Ingram. In reality, however, the basis of the remarks was laid on the absurdities of certain *soi-disant* evangelical papers, supported by the different sects of the British Islands. The habit, unfortunately too common in our own day, of attributing every accident which happened to the direct vengeance of Providence on the enemies of their opinions, afforded abundant opportunities for the display of the reviewer's great powers of ridicule. The unfortunate man "with scrofulous legs and other istical principles," who was converted by one sermon, "and never after experienced the slightest return of scrofula or infidelity," has been immortalized by the critic, and will, for generations, excite the laughter of those who otherwise would never have heard of him. Even those quotations on which the reviewer makes no comment, are rendered extremely comical by the headings he gives them. It cannot be denied that a little personal feeling is mingled with this assault, for its author was then a little sore at the refusal of the rector of a parish to give him the use of a vacant chapel, which would certainly be occupied by dissenters from the established faith of the realm.

This paper, and one which immediately followed it, attacking the Protestant missions to India, brought out some strictures from the pen of Mr. Styles, in which was committed the perilous absurdity of attempting to reply to wit and sarcasm, by solemn protest and labored argument. His brilliant opponent outshone himself in the reply, in which he takes credit to himself for "routing out a nest of consecrated cobblers." He is very severe upon "the limited arrogance which mistakes its own trumpery sect for the world," and insists that he has not "attacked them for want of talent, but for want of modesty, want of sense, and want of true national religion,—for every fault which Mr. John Styles defends and exemplifies."

During the progress of his remarks, however, he flies at higher game than Mr. Styles. How ingeniously he turns what appears to be merely a sneer at Protestant missions, to a bitter sarcasm upon the whole of the English government towards that distant land. "Let us ask," he says, "if the Bible is as universally diffused in Hindostan, what must be the astonishment of the natives to find, that

we are forbidden to rob, murder and steal; we, who, in fifty years, have extended our empire from a few acres about Madras, over the whole peninsula, and sixty millions of people, and exemplified in our public conduct every crime of which human nature is capable;—what matchless impudence, to follow up such practice with such precepts! If we have common prudence, let us keep the gospel at home, and tell them that Machiavel is our prophet, and the god of the Manicheans our god."

We must not, however, let the wit of these papers blind us to certain manifest inconsistencies. Is it not a little remarkable, to see a prominent member of a religious society, which owes its very existence to the assertion of the right of private judgment, so stoutly denying that very right to others? Does it not suggest too forcibly to our memories the conduct of the Puritans, who fled from the persecution of Anglican divines and English magistrates, but could not forego the inestimable privilege of flogging Quakers and burning witches? How very odd, too, that other passage, in which the presbyter of a church, which insists so strongly upon the right of all men to read the Bible, denying that very book to the benighted heathen, on political grounds! How strangely do "circumstances alter cases."

In matters of education, our reviewer thought for himself, and did not scruple to fly in the face of the prejudices and practice of the most distinguished scholars of England. His remarks on the subject would even now be considered radical in many quarters, and then were regarded almost with alarm. In 1809 he made his first formal attack upon the excessive and undue importance attached to the minutely critical knowledge of the ancient languages. The theme afforded ample scope for the exercise of his unrivalled powers of ridicule. While admitting the value of these studies as a discipline of the mind—as opening up philosophical views of grammar better than modern languages can do, in so much as they are more artificially constructed; and while allowing the riches of the literary treasures they contain, and acknowledging the advantages to be derived from the formation of a style, from the famous pieces of composition which the ancient world has left as a legacy to the modern,—he insists that these benefits can all be acquired by a far less expenditure of time, than that required by the university system of England. He objects to that system also, on account of its tendency to develop the imagination, to the comparative neglect of more important faculties—all the while carefully discriminating between the classics and the system on which they are taught.

"A learned man! a scholar!" he exclaims, "a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government—thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No: this is not learning: it is chemistry or political economy—not learning. The distinguishing abstract term, the epithet of scholar, is reserved for him who writes on the *Æolic* reduplication, and is familiar with the *Sylburgian* method of arranging defectives in α and μ . The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal* of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, to decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying *Ernesti* failed to observe."

He considers the system as an evidence that the means have come to be regarded as the end; that the delight of scholars is in "not the filbert, but the shell; not what may be read in Greek, but Greek itself." The plan of compelling boys to scribble such an interminable string of Latin verses as they are forced to write in the English schools and colleges, also excites his mirth.

"The English clergy," says he, "in whose hands education entirely rests, bring up the first young men of the country, as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns; and a nobleman, upon whose knowledge and liberality the honor and welfare of his country may depend, is diligently worried, for half his life, with the small pedantry of longs and shorts." "Though the *Bagvat Gheeta* has (as can be proved) met with human beings to translate, and other human beings to read it, we think that, in order to secure attention to Homer and Virgil, we must catch up every man, whether he is to be a clergyman or a duke, begin with him at six years, and never quit him till he is twenty—making him conjugate and decline for life and death; and so teaching him to estimate his progress in real wisdom, as he can scan the verses of the Greek tragedians."

This sharp attack was seconded by others, from the pens of other contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, so that the University of Oxford was compelled to defend itself. Edward Copleston, afterwards bishop of Llandaff, appeared as its champion, and published "A Reply to the Calumnies of the *Edinburgh Review* against Oxford." The three writers of the original articles now put their heads together, and produced a pungent reply. Smith's portion can easily be recognized by its sprightly malice. We have no room for extended quotations, but cannot resist the temptation of giving our readers a few lines.

"One who passes for a great man in a little place, generally makes himself very ridiculous when he ventures out of it. Nothing can exceed the pomp and trash of this gentleman's observations; they can only proceed from the habit of living with third-rate persons; from possessing the right of compelling boys to listen to him, and from making a very cruel use of this privilege. Mere equal company could never have made him an able man, but they would soon have persuaded him to hold his tongue. If he would hold his tongue, and carefully avoid all opportunities of making a display, he is just the description of person to enjoy a very great reputation among those whose good opinion is not worth having."

Copleston came out in another reply, and had the poor satisfaction of the last word, while Smith retained the ear of the public, and the University was ultimately compelled by the force of public opinion to make some reforms.

Three years after this controversy, we find Sydney Smith following up his educational heresies, with a defence of the Hamiltonian system of teaching languages, conducted in his usual brilliant style. He deplores "the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek," and attacks the Lexicon and Grammar system with great force and fun. Indeed, he has as little respect for the Lexicon, as Becky Sharp had for the "Dicks'nary," when she tossed that parting testimonial over the gate of the mansion in which her youthful mind had received its training. His great objection to the Lexicon plan is the loss of time it involves. He allows to an average boy an hour for finding out sixty words, which, on the Hamiltonian system he is not required to seek for a minute. "It must be remembered, we say an *average* boy—not what Master Evans, the show-boy can do, nor what Master Macarthy, the boy who is whipped every day, can do, but some boy between Macarthy and Evans; and not what this medium boy can do, while his mastigophorous superior

is frowning over him; but what he actually does, when left in the midst of noisy boys, and with a recollection, that, by sending to the neighboring shop, he can obtain any quantity of unripe gooseberries on credit."

But we must leave these questions of education for the more important one of Toleration. Sydney Smith's course upon this question has covered his memory with imperishable glory. At a time when the majority of the English people regarded the Catholics with the utmost bitterness, when it was considered as evidence of want of patriotism, as radicalism, as something little short of Atheism, to advocate equal justice and equal laws, for both Catholic and Protestant, Sydney Smith had the manly courage to denounce the abominable legislation which attempted to make Pariahs of so large a portion of the inhabitants of the British islands. Nor was the manner in which he conducted this battle for the right, alone conspicuous; the occasions which he selected to enforce his doctrines, displayed the boldness of his honesty. Thus, the first sermon which he preached after his appointment to the prebendal stall of Bristol, happened to be on the fifth of November, a day regularly set apart for the abuse of Guy Faux, and for the keeping up of irritation against Catholics. In this sermon before "the most Protestant corporation in England," he labored to enforce the great duty of christian charity; and that there might be no mistake about his meaning, made direct and pointed reference to the Catholic question then under discussion. The amazement of his auditors may well be conceived. "They stared at me," says he, "with all their eyes. Several of them could not keep the truth on their stomachs."

It is not our intention to give an abstract of the various papers and speeches which Sydney Smith wrote and spoke upon this question. A glance at his efforts in this field, and a statement of his position, are all that can properly be required of us. In order to make the whole matter clearer, a brief sketch of the detestable penal laws enacted against Catholics by the English Parliament, will not be out of place.

It is not necessary to go back to the reign of Elizabeth, or of Henry VIII, to trace the origin of that persecution which became so bitter and so oppressive in later days. Their laws, to ensure conformity, and to disqualify Catholics from holding public places of honor and profit, have been so far exceeded by those of *soi-disant* liberal parliaments, which followed the obsequious assemblies of those reigns, that the less is swallowed up in the greater evil. Every body knows that James II stretched his prerogative to the utmost limit, in order to secure to the professors of the ancient faith of christendom a share in the responsibilities and emoluments of government. With the expediency and legality of his measures, we have nothing to do, as they do not specially concern the matter in hand. Suffice it to say, that these measures aroused in England a spirit of rebellion, which soon hurled the king from his throne, and drove him an exile to France. A few gallant Highlanders made a brief but brilliant resistance to the Prince of Orange, but were soon overpowered, and the star of the House of Stewart set forever in Great Britain. In Ireland, however, there still existed a loyal feeling towards the banished king, which was not lessened by the fact that he had incurred the displeasure of the larger island, by his zeal for the religion professed by the great majority of the smaller. To this mingled sentiment of loyalty and religious gratitude, if we add the memory of great and bitter wrongs inflicted on the Celts by the Saxons of that island, we shall not wonder at the spirit and acrimony with which the contest was maintained in Ireland. The siege of Limerick ended the war and commenced the new era of oppression and cruelty.

Ginkell, the Dutch general, who commanded the combined forces of England and Holland before the Catholic city, granted a capitulation to its brave defenders, in which it was stipulated that the Catholics should enjoy all the privileges in the exercise of their religion which they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II. All who were in garrisoned towns were to have all the civil rights which they had before the war, and a general amnesty for all offences was granted. This treaty was signed on the 3d of October, 1691. On the 22d of the same month, the English Parliament passed a law excluding Irish Catholics from the Houses of Lords and Commons in Ireland till they should take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. During the same reign, they were "deprived of all means of educating their children, at home or abroad, and of the privilege of being guardians to their own or to other persons' children." Parliament after Parliament seemed to engage in the disgraceful rivalry of attempting to crush still lower the unhappy Catholics. Should the son of a Catholic turn Protestant, he was to succeed to the estate, even were he not the rightful heir. No Catholic could purchase land, or lease it for a longer term than thirty-one years, and should the profits of land so leased amount to more than a fixed sum, the farm was to revert to the first Protestant who should make the discovery. No Catholic could be in a line of entail, but the estate must pass over him to the next Protestant heir. No Catholic could hold any office, civil or military; reside in Limerick or Galway, except on certain conditions; vote at elections or hold advowsons.

Wicked as are these enactments, they nevertheless yield to the enormity of the monstrous bill framed in 1709 to offer inducements to filial impiety. By that atrocious law, any Catholic gentleman's son, who chose to turn Protestant and certify his conversion before the Court of Chancery, could compel his father to state upon oath the value of his property, and to make an allowance out of that property to the son, not only for his present maintenance, but for his future jointure. By the same act, Catholics were prevented from holding life annuities, or putting their property into the hands of trustees; and priests were offered a bribe of thirty pounds a year to apostatize. Rewards were offered for the discovery of Catholic clergymen, and justices were empowered to force any Catholic, on penalty of a year's imprisonment, to reveal the residence of a priest, the site of a school, or the time and place of celebrating mass.

In the reign of George II, Catholics were prohibited from being barristers. Persons robbed by privateers during a war with a nation adhering to the ancient faith, were to be indemnified, and the money to be raised by an exclusive levy upon Catholic property. Should a priest celebrate matrimony between a Catholic and a Protestant, he was to be hanged.

The above is not even an outline of these outrageous laws; it is a mere glance at their salient points. Should the people so cruelly oppressed venture to complain, a storm of indignation roared over England. John Bull was amazed at the impudence which could find fault with his wisdom, or grumble at his mild and easy yoke. At length, however, fear of the strength of Catholic Ireland, perception of her opportunity for retaliation during the wars with Napoleon, and the good feeling of some brave and honest spirits roused an opposition to these systematic tyrannies. Conspicuous among those who assaulted the existing system was Sydney Smith. To appreciate the courage which could nerve a poor person to do battle so vigorously against these hoary enormities, we must consider the state of public opinion at the time, which we give in his own words.

"From the beginning of the century to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate;—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans and bishops made over your head—reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant dissenters, and no more chance of a whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period—and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Libeller, Atheist, Deist, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life."

The letters of Peter Plymley were published in 1807. Though put forth anonymously, it was evident to all who knew Sydney Smith, that but one man in England could be the author of them. They purported to be addressed to Peter's brother, Abraham, a curate in the country, and assailed with admirable wit and bitter sarcasm, the absurd prejudices which kept up the barbarous laws against the Catholics. He followed this up by an article on the same subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, and ever afterwards labored zealously in behalf of Catholic emancipation.

His position upon this question must not be misunderstood. He was no convert to Catholic doctrines, no weak, half-way admirer of forms of worship and systems of belief, which he was afraid entirely to adopt. He was thoroughly and emphatically Protestant. His course in this controversy was dictated by a manly indignation against oppression, and by a spirit of religious toleration. He saw the gross injustice of compelling a large majority of the population of Ireland to contribute to the support of a Church which they hated, and which was studiously inflaming that hatred by a course of unrelenting oppression. He advocated a transfer of the tithes levied upon Catholics from the Protestant to the Catholic clergy. He despised the flimsy logic of the oppressors as much as he hated their savage and intolerant spirit, and he threw himself into the controversy, with the generous warmth of a friend of the oppressed and a disinterested advocate of liberty of conscience.

He aimed at demolishing the outworks of prejudice, which keep the truth from reaching the reason and the conscience. He showed the people of England the expediency of Catholic emancipation, and pointed out to them the danger of having so strong a body of disaffected subjects in their midst, during war with a powerful and sagacious neighbor. He proved the main cause of Irish disaffection to be political, not religious. In 1839, he declared that he does not retract one syllable of what he has written on this subject, and that as to danger from Catholic doctrines, he leaves "such apprehensions to the respectable anility of these realms."

His writings and speeches upon this subject well deserve to be considered at large, and were we to accord to them as much space as their importance seems to require, we would occupy with them alone more pages than we are devoting

to this entire article. We must therefore be brief, but we cannot avoid quoting his cogent argument against the often repeated slander concerning oaths.

"The Catholic not respect an oath? Why not? What upon earth has kept him out of Parliament, or excluded him from all the offices whence he is excluded, but his respect for oaths? The Catholic is excluded from Parliament, because he will not swear that he disbelieves the leading doctrines of his religion! He asks you to abolish some oaths which oppress him: your answer is, that he does not respect oaths. Then why subject him to the test of oaths? The oaths keep him out of Parliament, why then he respects them. Turn which way you will, either your laws are nugatory, or the Catholic is bound by religious obligations as you are: but no eel in the well sanded fist of a cook-maid, upon the eve of being skinned, ever twisted and writhed as an orthodox parson does when he is compelled by the gripe of reason to admit any thing in favor of a dissenter."

The reverend wit lived to see the measure of Catholic emancipation adopted, a result which was greatly assisted by his efforts in behalf of this tardy and imperfect justice.

On the character of Sydney Smith we can dwell but briefly. He was, as our brief sketch of his career abundantly shows, a brave and honest man, who dared to say what he thought at all times and in all places. His advancement depended upon no shabbiness, no toadyism, was the reward of no dirty work for men in power, but was fairly won by the industrious employment of great talents. At the close of his career, he was able to look back over a life unsullied by any meanness. The independence of his character resisted all the fascinations of the society by which he was surrounded, and though, for a great portion of his life, he was a poor guest at the tables of the rich and great, he never allowed himself to be patronized, or lowered himself to the level of a mere diner-out.

His learning was respectable, but he always treated it as a means—not as an end. His habits were studious, and it is surprising to see how much hard mental work he did in the midst of his gayety. He had learned the art of keeping his labor and his play completely separate. The exuberance of his animal spirits did not at all diminish the severity of his application. His riotous fun was reserved for his hours of relaxation. When actively engaged in business, he was as assiduous and as practical as the dullest plodder who ever drudged through a set of books. His wit was not the ebullitions of foolish frivolity: it was only the foam on the surface of his wisdom. It was common sense agitated into unwonted lightness and brilliancy, but in the midst of its sparkling motion never losing its identity.

In money matters he was an honorable exception to most wits. He was scrupulously and rigidly accurate. His debts were regularly paid, and his expenditures were kept steadily within his income. He scorned all idle parade, and would not consent to shine before his titled guests at the expense of honest tradesmen. He labored industriously to keep his family in comfortable circumstances, but sternly repressed all unjustifiable extravagance.

A word now as to the volume before us. In a small compass Mr. Duyckinck has presented to us an admirable selection from Sydney Smith's writings and table-talk. He has enabled the reader, at the expenditure of but little time, to get a good idea of the labors of a busy man and the fun of a merry one. The memoir which is prefixed to the selection is excellent. Altogether we do not know a more delightful companion for a corner than this same collection of "Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom."

OUR CONVENTS.—VII.

SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY—SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF CHARITY OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

No human misery exists for which the Church, the living spouse of Christ, has not instituted consolation and relief. It has its asylums for the deserted infant, for the desolate orphan, for the aged poor: it has its sisterhoods, which visit the sick and the prisoners; it welcomes to hospitals the sick and diseased. Her charity does not end here. Woman, straying from the path of duty, is cast off by the proud world that seduces her, if she continues in sin; it but encourages her to sin. The heart of the Church bleeds for these unhappy creatures, and raises its shelters where, if touched by grace they will but enter, they will find holy women who devote their lives to their direction and guidance, whose only object is to restore them to friendship with God and to a life of virtue.

Many houses have been erected at different times in Catholic countries for this purpose, but the order which has taken the greatest extension is that founded in France in the seventeenth century by Father John Eudes, a holy missionary, whose life was an unbroken career of apostolic toils.

During his labors at Caen he reclaimed many abandoned women, whom he placed in the houses of charitable persons, and at last, impelled chiefly by the zeal of a good woman named Magdalen l'Amy, who had aided him in his good work, he rented a house and assembled his penitents in it on the 25th of November, 1641. By the consent of the bishop he erected a chapel in the house, where he or some of his missionaries regularly said mass. The house was directed by ladies who offered their services for the good work, one of whom was a niece of Father Eudes, but as dissensions soon broke out, and some losing their early zeal retired, the holy founder saw the necessity of applying his efforts to the formation of a regular community devoted to the reformation of erring women, and obtained of Louis XIII letters patent for the erection of such house at Caen, of the rule of St. Augustine, and devoted to the special object which he had in view.

Father Eudes designed to form their rule on that of St. Francis of Sales, and to give the new religious the same spirit, invited Mother Frances Margaret Patin, a Visitandine, of Caen, to become superioress, and she accordingly arrived at the house in August, 1644, with two sisters of her order. Under her care the new order was well organized, Sister Mary of the Assumption (de Taillefer) being the corner-stone. She was converted by Father Eudes in one of his missions, and no sooner heard of his project than she offered herself, and received the habit in February, 1645. Sister Mary of the Nativity, a niece of the holy founder, was the next who took the white habit of the new order. Many difficulties arose, the bishop opposed the project, and no founder appeared for some years, but at last all difficulties were overcome, and the order was duly approved by Pope Alexander VII on the second of January, 1666.

Mother Patin, who had left the house for a time, returned in 1651, and directed it till her death in 1668, after which it was governed by religious of the Institute.

The habit consists of a white robe, scapular and cloak, with a black veil. They have a special devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and wear on the

scapular a silver heart with a border of roses and lilies, and the figure of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus in relief.*

"The order soon spread, especially in Brittany, and it is worthy of remark that the province where purity of life is most exemplary, has furnished most virtuous heroines to watch compassionately over the repenting victims of human frailty."† The houses of the order were seized at the revolution and the communities dispersed; some immediately reunited, as that of St. Michael at Paris, others at different epochs after the Reign of Terror.

In 1804 Mother Mary of St. Bernard Chalmel, of the Monastery of Tours, assembled some of her sisters, and the community was regularly constituted two years afterwards, Mother Mary of St. Francis Sauvet, a professed of the former monastery of Vannes, being elected superior.

This house soon became numerous and several houses were founded from it at Angers, Mans, Blois and Marseilles. Other monasteries of the order arose in various parts of France, and among others the house of the sisters at Caen, the cradle of the order, was restored. In March, 1855, the bishop of Buffalo, the Rt. Rev. John Timon, passing through Rennes, asked four sisters to commence an establishment, and the sisters ever ready to continue their work, chose for the new house Sister Marie de St. Jerome Tournenay as superior, with Sisters Marie de St. Etienne Vaidey and Sister Marie de St. Cyr Corben and the lay sister Marie de St. Martin Dugré. They set out immediately for Buffalo and arrived in that city on the first of June, 1855; and as the bishop had been unable to procure them a house, they resided for five weeks in the hospital, and then took a little house where they have since lived by the work of their hands, without friends, without protection, and with none in prospect but divine Providence, to which they commit their present and their future.

This interesting community calls loudly on the sympathy of the Catholics of the United States, and it would be a lasting reproach if the sisters who are ready to bear all, cannot, from the charity of those for whose good they come to labor, obtain what little they ask.

The house at Angers, of which we have already spoken, was founded in 1828 by the generous bequest of the Countess of Neuville, who gave thirty thousand francs for that object, and by the still more generous gift of her son, the Count de Neuville, who gave the whole of his property to the house and died in poverty in 1843. The superioress at Tours, Mother Mary Euphrasia Pelletier, herself led the little colony of sisters to Angers, and so ably directed it that in less than three years seventy novices were received. As the community had now become so large, many prelates sought to have houses of the order, but with the sisters applied to the Holy See to alter the constitution so as to make the monastery at Angers the mother-house of all the filiations from it, and to subject them all to the superioress general. After much opposition, this was granted on the 10th of March, 1835, and the holy Cardinal Odescalchi, who afterwards resigned his honors as prince in both state and church to become a Jesuit, was appointed Cardinal Protector. The new order now received a wonderful impulse; houses were established at Rome and in other parts of Italy, in England, Belgium, Bavaria, Algiers, Egypt, Canada and the United States.‡

* Helyot, *Histoire des Ordres Religieux* (Ed. Migne), ii, 1137.

† La Roche Heron, *Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada*, p. 102.

‡ U. S. Catholic Magazine, vi, 372, 416.

The house at Montreal was founded by a colony from Angers, on the 5th of May, 1844, led by Sister Mary de Ste. Celeste Fisson, and owes its prosperity in no small degree to the generosity of the Rev. Mr. Arraud, of St. Sulpice, and of Madames D. B. Viger and Quesnel.*

The first convent of the order in the United States, that at Louisville, Kentucky, was due to the zeal of the sainted Bishop Flaget, who, detained by illness at Angers, solicited some sisters of the order for his episcopal city. No sooner was this desire made known than numbers offered to go, and the superioress was greatly embarrassed in her choice, but at last selected five, one of each of the Catholic nations, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium and Ireland. This little colony, itself a beautiful illustration of Catholic unity, was led by Mother Marie des Anges, and arrived on the 1st of December, 1842, at Louisville. As no house was ready for their reception, they were temporarily lodged at Portland, but as soon as their monastery was completed they entered it and began their work of love, the convent being canonically founded on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, September 8th, 1843.

Their institute was soon known and appreciated by Protestants as well as Catholics, and the number of penitents soon exceeded their accommodations. Liberal presents were made, and the sisters were soon able to see the community support itself and erect a large and commodious chapel.†

The second house of the order was founded at St. Louis in 1849, and on the 3d of May in the following year a colony of the Sisters of our Lady of Charity arrived in Philadelphia from Angers, consisting of Mother Mary des Anges, superior, Sister Mary of St. Boniface, assistant, Sister Mary of St. Patrick and Sister Mary of St. Augustine. As no establishment was ready for them, these good sisters for a time directed St. Anne's asylum for widows, but their monastery having been completed in 1851, they have since devoted themselves to the peculiar work for which they were instituted.‡

* De La Roche Heron, *Les Servantes de Dieu*, 104.

† Spalding's *Life of Bishop Flaget*, p. 336.

‡ De Courcy, *Catholic Church in the United States*. Letters from Philadelphia.

THE rose that blooms in Sharon's vale,
And scents the purple morning's breath,
May in the shades of evening fail,
And bend its crimson head in death;
And earth's bright ones amid the tomb,
May like the blushing rose, decay;
But still the mind, the mind shall bloom,
When time and nature fade away.

And there, amid a holier sphere,
Where the archangel bows in awe,
Where sits the king of glory near,
And executes his perfect law,
The ransomed of the earth, with joy,
Shall in their robes of beauty come,
And find a rest without alloy
Amid the christian's happy home.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

The Resurrection.

WHEN the sun set on Saturday and the Sabbath ended, the holy women began to prepare the spices and unguents to anoint the body of our Lord, and having completed their preparations set out towards the dawn* of the day, but while darkness still enveloped the earth.† They doubtless came from Bethany, and Mary Magdalene and another Mary, either more lightly burthened or gaining wings from love, pressed on in advance, and as day dawned they approached the sepulchre, when behold a great earthquake happened, and the Saviour of the world arose by his own power and strength, and came forth living, glorious and triumphant, piercing the stone that closed the mouth of the monument.‡

Thus was his promise fulfilled: thus was the temple destroyed by the Jews rebuilt! All knew of his promised resurrection, and though his enemies bore it in mind, his dearest disciples seemed to forget the many occasions on which he had foretold his death and his rising from the dead. One only adhered to him in faith and hope and love: truly she of whom it is written that she "kept all these words pondering them in her heart." Mary alone constituted the Church in that hour by the theological virtues; she alone believed in, hoped in, the resurrection of her Son, and loved him in that mystery of his glory. What wonder that to her he first appeared? What wonder that that ineffable meeting is undescribed?

But when the holy maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord:
Thought has not colors half so fair,
That she to paint that hour may dare
In silence best adored.

The gracious dove that brought from heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

When our risen Lord had left the sepulchre tenantless, "an angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and coming rolled back the stone and sat upon it." The guards struck with terror fell swooning to the ground, and as soon as consciousness returned fled trembling to the city; so that Magdalene, when she arrived, seeing the stone removed and the soldiers gone, supposed that these had carried off our Lord's body, and ran to inform Saint Peter and Saint John. Meanwhile the other women came, but supposing the stone removed by friends whom Magdalene had met, entered the sepulchre, where, to their amazement, they beheld an angel clothed in white, who calmed their sudden fear, announced the resurrection of Jesus, and bade them inform Peter: but they full of fear fled away. After their departure St. Peter and St. John arrived, and St. Peter entering saw indeed that Christ was no longer there, but only the clothes in which he had been wrapped. Full of thought he and the beloved apostle returned to the rest of the disciples, leaving Magdalene at the tomb. To her, "who loved much," Jesus now deigned to appear: tearful she stood by the sepulchre looking in at times for comfort in her grief; angels were there, and though they asked the reason of her tears,

* St. Matthew.

† St. John.

‡ Butler.

they offered her no solace. Turning from them she beheld one whom she supposed to be the gardener of the place, who said: "Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou?" Her answer implied all the ardor of her love, unmindful of her weakness she replied: "Oh! if thou hast taken him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him and I will take him away." "Mary!" exclaimed the unknown, and by that word Jesus stood revealed: he it was, her risen Lord, who stood before her; falling at his feet she would have clasped them, but he checked her, and with his blessing left her. While she hastened back to the disciples, Joanna and other women visited the sepulchre, and our Lord appeared to Mary and Salome in their flight.



These various apparitions announced to the disciples kept all in doubt and wonder; the apostles met together, and towards evening two of the disciples set out for Emmaus, a small town seven miles north of Jerusalem. One of these disciples was Cleophas, father of St. Simeon, St. James and St. Jude, and through his wife nearly related to our Lord; both had been fervent disciples of the Redeemer, and the events of the last three days were the sole object of their thoughts. Their conversation on the road turned entirely on the ancient prophecies relating to the Messiah and the resurrection proclaimed by the women, which they seemed to doubt. Grief was so evident in their countenances, that when a third traveler joined them asking "What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk and mourn?" Cleophas asked in reply: "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that have been done in these days?" "What things?" said the unknown. "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth, a prophet mighty in work and word before God and the people," said Cleophas, who then proceeded to tell of his crucifixion, of their hopes that he was the Messiah, of the apparitions reported by the women. Upbraiding them with their slowness of heart and incredulity, the unknown asked, "Ought not the Messiah to have suffered these things and so to enter into his glory?" and beginning from Moses explained

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all the prophecies concerning the Messiah so glowingly, that as his hearers afterwards said, their hearts burned within them at his words.

While thus absorbed they reached Emmaus, and Cleophas with his companion, seeing their fellow traveler apparently going farther, pressed him to enter their house, as the day was far spent. Yielding to their invitation he entered and sat down to eat: then he took bread and blessed and broke and gave it to them, and at this renewal of the eucharistic sacrifice the scales dropped from their eyes, their God and Saviour was before them, had been their fellow traveler, their instructor, and they knew him not. Their joy was not to be prolonged, for Jesus having convinced them of his resurrection, vanished.

In all haste they now returned to Jerusalem, to the upper chamber where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, to announce that Christ was truly risen; but meanwhile our Lord had appeared to Saint Peter in an apparition which the Evangelists do not detail to us, covering in almost absolute silence the holy interview between the risen Messiah and the head of his Church. This apparition dissolved all doubt, so that the disciples of Emmaus on their return were greeted with the tidings: "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon," thus realizing the prophetic command: "Thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." Cleophas in turn told how he too had seen Jesus, and all now full of faith were conversing on the mystery, when Jesus suddenly stood among them.



Timid men, dreading a visit from the myrmidons of the priests and pharisees, with Thomas doubtless as a sentinel at the lower door, how startled were they at this apparition! St. Peter and Cleophas thus twice honored, doubtless rose from the table and fell at his feet as he uttered the salutation, which had so often cheered them: "Peace be to you;" but as they gazed on the unopened door, the disciples would not believe their eyes, and supposed that they beheld a spirit. But our Lord knew their thoughts: in gentle tones he said: "Why are you troubled, and

why do thoughts arise in your hearts? See my hands and feet that it is I myself: handle and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me to have." Beholding them still incredulous he asked: "Have you here anything to eat?" and taking a piece of broiled fish and a honey comb he eat part and gave them the rest.* He rebuked them however for their incredulity and hardness of heart, and opened their minds to understand the scriptures.† Then he renewed his commission to his apostles in express words: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you." . . . Then breathing on them he said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be condemned."‡ "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained."§ "You shall lay your hands upon the sick and they shall recover."|| Then he said: "Thus it behooved Christ to suffer and rise again from the dead the third day, that penance and remission of sins should be preached in his name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Then as before, the doors being closed, he disappeared from their eyes.

In the short detail of those blessed moments we cannot but dwell on our Saviour's renewal of his great acts, the establishment of his Church, the founding of a ministry, his ordination of a priesthood of reconciliation, with power to confer the sacraments of baptism, penance, the holy eucharist and extreme unction; himself even renewing the eucharistic sacrifice. How clear and beautiful to a Catholic, and to a Catholic alone, are all these allusions.

St. Thomas was not present, doubtless, as we said, watching below, and conscious that no one had passed him, unable to conceive any other mode of entering, he refused to believe till our divine Lord on the following Sunday appeared to him, and as the apostle had said: "Except I shall see in his hand the print of the nails and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into his side, I will not believe," our Lord now said: "Put in thy finger hither and see my hands, and bring hither thy hand and put it into my side, and be not incredulous but believing." "My Lord and my God!" was all that St. Thomas could utter. Jesus rebuked him: "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

After this apparition the disciples returned to Galilee, and there too our Lord appeared to them. Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, John and James were fishing in the sea of Galilee, as in the days when Jesus called them to follow him: Jesus stood on the shore once more, but unknown to them. He asked whether they had taken any fish, and on hearing their negative reply, bade them cast their net on the right side of the ship. A miraculous draught of fishes enabled St. John to recognize his beloved master, and telling Peter, they both hastened to the shore. When they had drawn up the net Jesus offered them bread, which he had miraculously produced, and fish which he had roasted. When they had eaten he said to Peter: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" He answered: "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Then Jesus said: "Feed my lambs." Again he asked: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" And again Peter answered: "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Again Jesus said: "Feed my lambs." But a third time he asked: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" Then Peter, grieved that his Lord should thus doubt his love,

* Luke xxiv, 36, 44.

† Id. 45.

‡ Mark xvi, 15, 16.

§ John xx, 23.

|| Mark xvi, 18.

replied: "Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee." Then Jesus said: "Feed my sheep," thus constituting Peter head of his Church, pastor of the clergy and the people, the sheep and the lambs. Moreover he foretold to



St. Peter his martyrdom in these words: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, when thou wast younger thou didst gird thyself, and didst walk where thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and lead thee whither thou wouldst not."* That this referred to St. Peter's martyrdom is past all doubt, for St. John tells us so: "And this he said, signifying by what death he should glorify God." And we all know by how glorious a death on the cross in the imperial city of Rome, the prince of the apostles glorified God.

The last apparition of our risen Lord was that prior to his ascension. As the feast of Pentecost approached, the disciples prepared to return to Jerusalem, in order to be present at the solemnity of that great festival of the Mosaic law. Ten days before that feast, Jesus appeared to his blessed mother and the apostles, who were all assembled together, apparently in that same room where he had instituted the blessed sacrament. There again he ate with them† and instructed them, repeating many of his former promises, injunctions, and gifts of power and grace. He concluded by bidding them remain in Jerusalem till they were endued with power from on high:‡ telling them that they should be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days thence. Some asked him whether he would then restore the kingdom to Israel, but he checked their curiosity, saying: "It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father hath put in his own power; but you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth:" then he led them out towards Bethany to Mount Olivet, passing amid the streets of Jerusalem, his enemies being held by a

* John xxi.

† Acts i, 4.

‡ Luke xxiv, 49.

supernatural power from molesting his happy company. On reaching Mount Olivet they entered a cave, where our Lord for the last time gave them the blessed eucharist and his parting instructions; then issuing forth, he lifted up his hands and blessed them, and rose before their eyes till a bright cloud hid him from their



sight. As they stood looking up in wonder, two angels appeared to bid them cease their wonder, and remind them that Jesus would one day come even as he had departed.

Chains of my heart, avault I say—
I will arise, and in the strength of love
Pursue the bright track e'er it fade away,
My Saviour's pathway to his home above.

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FATHER JOHN having waited to see Mr. Guirkie completely restored to his usual equanimity, and Captain Petersham in the saddle ready to set off for the court-house, took the near cut over the hill, and soon reached his humble home. On his arrival, the servant informed him that several persons had called, and among the rest Else Curley of the Cairn, who expressed great anxiety to see him before the court opened. Mr. Hardwinkle also sent his man in great haste to say, that a riot was apprehended in the event of Barry's committal, and requesting Father Brennan's influence to maintain order and assist the magistrates in the discharge of their duty.

"A very modest request, upon my word," said the priest, reaching for a breviary that lay on the mantel, and seating himself quietly in his easy chair to recite his office. "Very modest, indeed; but I have a duty of my own to discharge at present. John!"

"Sir."

"Take the horse and gig immediately, and drive as fast as possible to the light-house. Give my compliments to Mr. Lee, and tell him to come up without a moment's delay and bring Miss Lee with him. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And see here—don't wait to feed the horse, but go at once."

"No, sir."

"Let Mr. Lee have the gig, since he has no conveyance of his own, and you can return on foot at your leisure."

"Certainly, sir."

When the servant closed the door, the priest leaned back in his chair and composed himself to read his vespers. And a snug, pleasant little room it was, that parlor of Father John's, to read or pray in, with its latticed windows looking down on the placid face of the beautiful Mulroy now sleeping calmly in the bosom of the hills. Close by the side of the humble edifice grew a long line of gooseberry and currant bushes, and up from between them, here and there, the honeysuckle stretched its long neck into the open windows. Out before the door stood the old elm tree, majestic and lonely in the centre of the grass plot, spreading its

* Copy-right secured according to law.

giant branches far and wide over house and garden. Many a name was carved on that sturdy old trunk in its day, and many a time the priest and his good old reverend uncle before him, sat on the stone bench and leaned back against it in the summer evenings, to say the rosary or tell the beads. And there, too, round about grew many a flower of native growth, fresh and fair and simple and modest, like the virgin whose altar they were intended to decorate—the mountain daisy, white as snow, the primrose, its faithful companion, at its side, the cowslip with the dew always on its face, and the lily of the valley hiding its head in the grass, as if it felt it had no right to occupy a place in the world at all. These and such as these were the only tenants of that modest garden. Oh, well we remember it—that garden where none but wild flowers grew—those pretty wild flowers, nature's own spontaneous offering. And every morning would the priest pluck a bunch to scatter on the shrine of the virgin, as he ascended her altar to say the holy mass, knowing well she loved them the best; for it was such as these Joseph used to gather for her long ago by the way-side when his work of the day was done.

Down below the garden and over the copse which lay between, appeared the whitewashed walls of Massmount Chapel rising from the water's edge, and on either side facing the sea, the white grave-stones peeping out from the long grass and tangled fern. But in that solitary spot there was one particular grave on which the priest's eye often loved to rest, as he sat by the window gazing down on the old churchyard. It was the grave of an old and long cherished friend—of one who found him in his early days an exile and a wanderer, and took him into his house and heart; one who paused not to ask the poor wayfarer from what nation he came or whither he went—for his big heart knew no distinction of birth or race; who lavished on him all the loving fondness of a father, and at last took him by the hand and led him within the sanctuary. On that humble slab covering the old man's grave, the priest's eyes often rested as he sat by the window of his little parlor. And often he sighed and longed for the day to come when he might see that stone replaced by a monument more worthy the great and holy heart that slept beneath it. But alas! he sighed in vain, for he was poor and his love alone could never raise it.

Dear reader, many a noble heart lies mouldering in a forgotten grave; and many a grave on which gratitude should have erected a monument to virtue, lies deserted and abandoned to the nettle and the dockweed. We have seen such in our own day. Alas! that the world should be so ungrateful.

Once upon a time we stood beside an open grave on a green hill side in N—E—. It was a grave in which the mortal remains of a great and good man were soon to be deposited—a man whose virtues were the theme of every tongue. And well they might, for never breathed a purer soul, nor throbbed a nobler heart than his. At once unaffectedly simple and unconsciously sublime, his nature was a compound of the finest qualities of the Christian and the gentleman, without a single jarring element to mar its modest grandeur.

The funeral procession at length reached the spot, and the coffin was laid beside the grave with the lid thrown open, that the mourners might look on the face of the dead for the last time. Never was seen such a crowd as that morning gathered there. Fathers and mothers leading their little children by the hand, and young men with bearded lip, and old men with hoary heads were there, and strangers from distant cities were there, and bishops in purple cassocks and priests in black stole and surplice. Kneeling on the green sward the incense rose and the psalm was sung, and the people of high and low degree mingled together, and

prayed for the repose of his soul; and whilst they prayed their tears fell thick and fast. Oh, it was a sad but glorious sight to see that multitude weeping and prostrate that morning before the open coffin. And gazing on his face they saw it still beaming with that look of love which ever marked it through life, and it seemed at that moment as if he was making them his last appeal for an affectionate remembrance. And each one answered the appeal by a silent vow—a vow made to honor, to gratitude and to God—made while they gazed on his face through their tears—made with their hands upon his coffin—a vow never to forget him.

Ten years passed away, and again after many wanderings we returned to that green hill side and looked round for the monument which that crowd of loving hearts had erected to the memory of their benefactor and friend. "What seek you, stranger?" said an old man seated on the grass by a little mound of clay. "The monument erected to the memory of the illustrious——" "Here it is," he replied, laying his hand on the sod beside him. "That!" "Yes, this is the monument; I have just been sowing a few flower seeds at his feet." "But his friends!" we inquired. "Friends!" repeated the old man, smiling bitterly. "Yes, that mighty multitude which ten years ago we saw weeping and wailing here before his unburied corpse—what has become of them?" "Dead," replied the old man. "What, all dead!" "Ay, they all died on the day of his burial—all save one and myself. That one comes often here to say a prayer and drop a tear on the grave, for living and dying he loved him best of all the world. But alas he is poor, and those whom he trusted to for help have proved ungrateful." "Nay, say not so, old man," we replied; "mayhap he has not solicited their aid. It were sad indeed to think——" "Solicit!" he again repeated, interrupting me; "no, he could never do that—the peculiarity of his relations with the dead forbade it. But friend," he added, "true gratitude never waits for time, nor place, nor man to call forth its expression."

Pardon us dear reader for this digression. Perhaps it is out of place, but for the life of us we couldn't help making it.

Father Brennan had but little more than commenced to read his office, when the parlor door opened and a servant announced a visitor. Presently our old acquaintance Dr. Horseman entered, and the priest instantly laid his breviary on the table and rose to receive him.

"Doctor Horseman!" he exclaimed; "this is very kind. I'm very much pleased to see you—pray be seated."

"Sir, I thank you," replied Horseman. "I merely called to return this volume of Bailly's Theology, and to thank you for your hospitality before I leave."

"Ah! then I see you are still angry with me, Doctor," said the priest deprecatingly, and indeed perhaps not without some show of reason, for I may in a moment of irritation have said more than was becoming in the presence of strangers, still we must not indulge resentment, you know."

"More than was becoming," repeated the Doctor. "Why, sir, you said what was both offensive and unjust."

"Perhaps so. If I did I sincerely regret it."

"But, sir, your regret is not enough. In justice to me you are bound to retract the charges you made against me in presence of the parties before whom you made them."

"That I shall, sir, most willingly. Whatever those parties may think unjustifiable in the language I used that night, I am ready to retract and apologise for at

any moment. But Doctor you must not forget either that I had some provocation."

"Nothing, sir, should provoke you to speak of my private character in such a place," retorted the Doctor, laying his hat on the table and running his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest—"nothing, sir."

"You have no private character, Dr. Horseman, that I know of, but your domestic, and that I always understood to be most amiable and exemplary. A public man like you, who lectures in every state in the Union, makes speeches at public dinners almost every week of the year, can have no private character but the one already mentioned."

"Humph!" ejaculated the Doctor—"and so because a man chooses to give public lectures and make after-dinner speeches, he can have no private character; why, sir, that's simply nonsense."

"Listen to me, Doctor, and let us reason a little on the subject. You are a public man in the largest sense of that term. A lecturer by profession, you are at the same time the acknowledged lay champion of Catholicity in the United States. You have therefore facilities for good or evil which no other layman has in that country; now can you for a moment expect that what you say on certain exciting subjects, in that your semi-public capacity, at dinner parties and social gatherings, in reading rooms and libraries, ought to be passed over, because you did not write it in your Review or proclaim it on the platform?"

"No sir; but I expect and have a right to expect, that if censured or rebuked, it should be on the spot where the offence has been committed."

"What! by your own friends and followers! eh? or by some dissenter, who, all alone perhaps in such company, would soon be cried down or hustled out. Oh no, you couldn't possibly expect that, Doctor Horseman: but let us reason again on the matter. How is it that politicians are held responsible for their views of public affairs, spoken to a group of listeners on the corner of a street, or at a supper table to half dozen friends? Are not they held responsible, and their views and opinions quoted for or against them at election times, without the slightest hesitation or the least thought of infringing on the privileges of private life? Why then should you expect to meet with greater courtesy than they? You are a public man, sir, and should have prepared yourself to bear the penalties of public life. Why, sir, the idea is monstrous," continued the priest—"because a man like you, distinguished all the world over, happens to be careful enough in his public speeches and published writings to say nothing reprehensible, he may organize parties, forsooth, and form clubs, and foster antipathies, and aggravate dissensions, as much as he pleases, and that too with all the advantages for evil which his fame and position may give him. I repeat it, sir, such an idea is monstrous."

"Well—but what does all this mean—or is it intended to apply to me?" demanded the Doctor, raising his spectacles and looking full at the priest.

"No, not to its full extent—certainly not. I'm merely contending for a principle which your friends refuse to admit, and therefore place you in a wrong position. And yet, Doctor, I cannot hide from you my conviction either that you have done *some* harm in that way."

"Humph! how's that?"

"You have estranged hearts which I fear it will be hard again to reconcile."

"What! I!"

"Yes, sir, it's a melancholy fact. Before you resigned the presidency or management of the naturalization society, neither antipathies or dissensions were heard

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of amongst the class of men with whom I chiefly spent my time whilst sojourning in the States, and sure I am that, judging from the reports we hear every day, it is not so now. Jealousies, heart-burnings, petty dissensions and petty quarrels about preference and precedence, and such like, are of late frequently heard of."

"And you conclude on these negative grounds that I have been the cause of all this trouble?"

"You have contributed your share."

"Mr. Brennan, you do me injustice," replied the Doctor; "and you do it because, like your countrymen, you're blind to their faults. One of the greatest of these, let me tell you, is their ridiculous pretension. According to them there's no man in the world so good as an Irishman, no priest so good as an Irish priest, no doctor so good as an Irish doctor: down even to the cats and dogs, there's none to be compared to the Irish. Now this to be sure is ridiculous, but besides being ridiculous, it's sometimes provoking, too. We Yankees, cool and quiet as we generally keep, have a dash of human nature in us, you must know, like other people."

"You are perfectly right, Doctor, with respect to Irish pretension in the States. There is unfortunately a great deal too much of it to be met with there—and at home, too, if I should say so."

"It's a national vice, sir."

"Be it so. You'll admit though it's not a very dangerous one. And surely one might expect that such men as you, with all your wisdom and influence, would endeavor to correct it by gentle means, instead of taking up arms to battle with it."

"Certainly, and we have tried every gentle means possible, and have failed in every instance."

"Well, and where's the harm. Suppose the Irish in the United States do brag of their Brian Boiromes, and their Tara Halls, and their Fontenoyes, and their priests and race, and all that, what harm or injury can it do you? Or can you expect that immigrants of any country in the world can forget the land of their birth the moment their feet touch American soil?"

"If they adopt America as their future home," replied the Doctor, "they should try at least to love it."

"And where's the inducement to love it? Is its scorn and contempt of every thing Irish an inducement? Is its proscription of foreigners, its hostility to their religion, its proselytisms of their children, an inducement? Ah, Doctor, you surely cannot think us so mean as that. You surely cannot expect the Irish of America, poor as they are, and ignorant as you regard them, to crouch like spaniels under the lash, and then lick the hands of their master for their morsel of bread. I know they have their faults, and what people have them not? I know they have many faults, and God knows how often and how bitterly I deplore them. But still, Doctor, I can't help thinking they have been 'more sinned against than sinning.' I know they have national vices, which, in a young and prosperous country like yours, are less tolerable than in older nations, but these vices are not incurable, a little forbearance and condescension would, in my opinion, go a great way to correct them. Besides you look for too much from the Irish, and you make no allowance whatever. After three centuries of oppression and poverty, you expect them to come out here with all the personal advantages which wealth, freedom and property have conferred upon yourselves —"

Here the conversation was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock on the hall door, and presently a policeman entered to inquire for Doctor Horseman.

"What's the matter?" demanded the Doctor, stepping to the parlor door, and drawing down his gold spectacles from his forehead.

"Doctor Horseman, I presume?" said the policeman.

"Yes."

"Augustus W. Horseman?"

"Yes—that's my name."

"A summons, sir, from Captain Petersham."

"A summons!" repeated the Doctor, looking at the paper which the messenger handed him and then withdrew. "Humph! what may this mean—to give such testimony as shall be demanded of you in the case of Edward Lee against Talbot for theft? What the mischief!—why how is this, sir? Summoned to the petit sessions to give testimony in a case of theft! Is this meant for another insult?"

"By no means, Doctor; Captain Petersham is incapable of such a thing. But let me see. Who is this Lee—Lee—there's no Lee that I know of in the parish but Mr. Lee of the light-house. And yet I can't conceive—have you visited at the light-house?"

"Not I, sir; I don't know the man at all."

"It's very strange. I shall accompany you to the court-house, however, if you desire it, and see what it means." So saying, the priest took his hat and cane and set out for Romakill, accompanied by Horseman, ejaculating his astonishment as he went, and wondering what testimony he could be expected to give in the matter.

To be continued.

Lines.

Do sorrows bow thy spirit down,
And anguish fill thy breast?
Dost thou behold earth's gathering frown,
Is thy poor heart oppressed?

Has health declined? Art thou bereft
Of all that earth holds dear;
And dost thou feel no friend is left
With thee to drop a tear?

However dark, however sad,
Thy path looks on before,
Do not despair, still hope, be glad,
There's comfort yet in store.

To Jesus go; he waits to bless;
With all thy burdens go;
Whatever may thy heart oppress,
He will his pity show.

He is a sympathizing friend,
He feels for others' woes,
And he will his with power defend,
Whatever may oppose.

O do not then distrustful be,
Ask, and it shall be given;
His promises are sure to thee
Though earth should fail, and heaven.

Miscellanea.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITE.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.—God created the world for man, and man for himself. He endowed him with sentiment and reason, to enable him to soar towards his Creator, admire his works, and render him thanks. He created him to his image and likeness, by giving him an incorporeal soul, immortal, endowed with will, understanding, and freedom, capable of wisdom, virtue, and grace, and destined to beatitude, that is, to see and possess God: in a word, man is the image of God, in that sense, that he has received from him the attributes of an intelligent creature. This image, this likeness is so inherent in man's nature, that he cannot lose it without losing his very being. It may be obscured and tarnished by sin, but cannot be effaced or destroyed. Man's body even has something grand and extraordinary. His face is made to look to the heavens, while other animals are bowed to the earth. He has two hands, the prime instruments of his reason and liberty. In his countenance, in his eyes especially, shines forth a reflex of the soul.

Writings of St. Augustine.

TRADITIONS AMONG THE PAGAN NATIONS CONCERNING THE FALL OF MAN AND THE BIRTH OF THE MESSIAH.—The Persians believed that the genius of evil, *Ahriman*, seduced our first parents under the form of a serpent; and they gave the name of *Athele* to the solitary tree preserved amid the ruins of Babylon. The Thebetans say that the knowledge of their nakedness was revealed by their tasting of the Schime, which is as sweet and white as sugar. The Tartars attribute our fall to a plant of exquisite sweetness. The account of the woman seduced at the foot of the tree and that of God's wrath, were traditional among the Iroquois. The Brahmins give a wonderful account of their *Chorcum*, or paradise, in which grew a tree that would have given man immortality had he been permitted to eat of it. They also believe that a God-man was born of a virgin, by divine operation; hence the incarnation of their Juggernaut and the birth of Krishna in a grotto, where he was adored by shepherds and angels. The Lamas have their Buddha, born of the virgin *Maha-Mahai*.

Sommono-Khodom, legislator and god of Siam, is the son of a virgin who conceived by the rays of the sun. Sao-Tseu, they say, became incarnate in the womb of a virgin, compared to jasper for her wondrous beauty. In Paraguay a woman of surpassing beauty becomes a mother, yet remains a virgin; and her son after performing numberless miracles, is carried to heaven in the presence of his disciples, and is transformed into the sun. In Thibet, Japan, and in some other parts of India, the god *Fo* became incarnate in the womb of the nymph Slamoghiuprul, espoused to a king, the fairest and loveliest of women. In China, *Shing-Mu*, the most popular goddess, conceived by the touch of a water lily, and her son became illustrious and wrought many miracles. *Dogo* has a dream and a vision in Babylon: a heavenly light illumines her countenance while she slept, and renders her as beautiful as a star. *Zerdusht*, or *Zoroaster*, the celebrated poet of the Magi, is the fruit of this vision: he was saved by his mother, when the tyrant Nembrat put to death all the married women of his kingdom, because his astrologers had foretold that a child was about to be born which would overthrow the gods and his throne. Among the Egyptians, the zodiacal Isis is a virgin mother.

In New Haven the Medical College is on the road to the cemetery; the Divinity College on the road to the poor house; and the Law School on the road to the jail.

"WHY don't you hold your head up in the world as I do?" asked a haughty lawyer of a sterling old farmer. "Squire," said the farmer, "see that field of grain; the well-filled heads hang down, while those only that are empty stand upright."

THE FABLE OF THE AGE OF GOLD.—To the happy abode of our first parents in the earthly paradise, must be attributed the origin of the beautiful fable of the *Golden Age*, which Ovid thus describes:

"Aurea prima nata est ætas, quæ vindice nullo,
Sponte suâ, sine lege, fidem rectemque colebat.
Poena metusque aberant: nec verba minacia fixo,
Aere legabantur; nec supplex turba timebant
Judicis ora sui: sed erant sine iudice tuti."

And which Dryden has thus rendered into English:

"The golden age was first when man yet new,
No rule but uncorrupted nature knew,
And with a native bent did good pursue:
Unforced by punishment, unawed by fear,
His words were simple and his soul sincere.
Needless was written law where none oppress;
The law of man was written in his breast.
No suppliant crowds before the Judge appeared;
No court erected yet, nor cause was heard:
But all was safe, for conscience was the guard."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE TEMPTED.—We read in the life of St. Philip that in the monastery of Santa Mariæ, a nun named Scholastica Cjazzi, went to speak to him at the grate, and to lay open to him a thought she had never mentioned to any one else, which was a conviction that she should be damned. As soon as St. Philip saw her, he said to her, "What are you doing, Scholastica—what are you doing? Paradise is yours." "Nay, Father," replied the nun, "I fear the contrary will be the case: I feel as though I should be damned." "No," answered the saint; "I tell you that Paradise is yours, and I will prove it to you: tell me for whom did Christ die?" "For sinners," said she. "Well," said Philip, "and what are you?" "A sinner," replied the sister. "Then," concluded the saint, "Paradise is yours; yours because you repent of your sins." This conclusion restored peace to sister Scholastica's mind. The temptation left her, and never troubled her again; but, on the contrary, the words "Paradise is yours," seemed always sounding in her ears. Gentle reader, may St. Philip do the same for you and yours! Now, here is no answer to our temptation; but here is another side to it. Let us pray for the gift of holy and discerning fear. Then let us go on joyously, adding grace to grace, and love to love, and doubt not of our eternity. Heaven will come soon. The temptation is to be impatient, because it does not come sooner. Yet as God wills. It shall be our act of love to him that we wait where we are, and for his sake be content to live. Life is a hardship, but not a very grievous one, for it does not hinder our loving God; and short of that, all griefs can be but light.

Dr. Faber.

LAFAYETTE.—In the "Life of Washington," by Washington Irving, we find the following interesting statement in relation to Lafayette:

"During his encampment in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, Washington was repeatedly at that city, making himself acquainted with the military capabilities of the place and its surrounding country, and directing the construction of fortifications on the river. In one of these visits he became acquainted with the young Marquis de Lafayette, who had recently arrived from France, in company with a number of French, Polish and German officers, among whom was the Baron de Kalb. The Marquis was not quite twenty years of age, yet had already been married nearly three years to a lady of rank and fortune. Full of the romance of liberty, he had torn himself from his youthful bride, turned his back upon the gayeties and splendors of a court, and in defiance of impediments and difficulties multiplied in his path, had made his way to America to join its hazardous fortunes.

"He sent in his letters of recommendation to Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee of foreign affairs, and applied the next day at the door of congress to know his success. Mr. Lovell came, in fact, was embarrassed by the number of foreign applications, many without merit. Lafayette immediately sent in the following note: 'After my

sacrifices, I have the right to ask two favors; one is to serve at my own expense; the other, to commence by serving as a volunteer."

"This simple appeal had its effect; it called attention to his peculiar case, and congress resolved on the 31st of July, that in consideration of his zeal, his illustrious family and connections, he should have the rank of major general in the army of the United States.

"It was at a public dinner, where a number of members of congress were present, that Lafayette first saw Washington. He immediately knew him, he said, from the officers who surrounded him, by his commanding air and person. When the party was breaking up, Washington took him aside, complimented him in a gracious manner on his disinterested zeal and the generosity of his conduct, and invited him to make headquarters his home. 'I cannot promise you the luxuries of a court,' said he, 'but as you have become an American soldier, you will doubtless accommodate yourself to the fare of an American army.'"

THE FOLLY OF DUELLING.—Mr. Sabine's work on duels and duelling is a very interesting volume. The folly of thus sacrificing life is exemplified, while it is curious to note what trivial causes have induced men to settle their difficulties in the field. Mons. Isidore and Mons. Alphonse had a meeting in France in 1854. They were both the admirers of the same lady. Invited to her house with a large company, they were thrown by accident into immediate contact, in the circle which surrounded the object of their devotion, who *appeared* to favor Alphonse. Isidore became irritated, and selected a card from a vase on a table, and, with evident affectation, commenced crushing it in his hands. Alphonse saw that the card was his own, and readily understood the act. Directly the eyes of the rivals met, when Isidore threw the card into the fire. Alphonse approached and whispered, "I fear, monsieur, you did not read my address on my card,—here's another: at what time to-morrow shall I have the honor of seeing two of your friends with two of mine?" "Ten o'clock," was the response. They met the next day in the fosse of the fortification near Vincennes, with swords. Isidore was wounded in the shoulder.

Lamartine while Secretary to the French Legation at Florence, in a poem written in imitation of Byron's *Childe Harold*, indulged, in conclusion, in an eloquent tirade upon the degradation of Italy. Colonel Pepe, a Neapolitan officer, took offence, and in the name of his country "demanded satisfaction." The poet and the soldier met, the former was dangerously wounded: before his recovery was complete, he generously interceded with the Grand Duke in behalf of his adversary.

A very singular duel took place in England in 1803, between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara. The former was colonel of the ninth regiment, British army; the latter, a captain in the British navy. This volume contains no case which better illustrates the sin and folly of duelling. The two gentlemen were riding in Hyde Park, accompanied by their dogs. The animals quarrelled; and the testimony before the coroner's inquest was, that the colonel was requested by the captain to call his dog off, which he declined to do, and that the following conversation ensued:

Montgomery.—If your dog hurts mine, I'll knock him down.

Macnamara.—Sir, if you knock my dog down, you must knock me down also.

Montgomery.—Why did you not dismount and take your dog away?

Macnamara.—I am an officer in his Majesty's navy, and unaccustomed to such arrogant language.

Montgomery.—Sir, if you conceive yourself injured, you know where I live: you ought to take care of your dog.

Macnamara.—I shall do that without your permission.

Colonel Montgomery, as he uttered the last words, gave Macnamara his card of address. Arrangements for a duel to adjust the dispute, were immediate. They met in two hours, and both rode to the ground selected with great speed, each striving to arrive there first. They fought with pistols, at twelve paces. Captain Barry, of the navy, acted as the friend of Macnamara; Sir William Kier as the second of Montgomery. It was agreed that the principals should fire together. They did so, and both were wounded. Montgomery fell without uttering a word: rolled over two or

three times, and groaned; was carried to a neighboring house, and expired in a few minutes.

Montgomery had served in Holland, Egypt and Malta, with distinguished reputation; he was thought to be one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and was a great favorite with the Prince of Wales (George IV), and the Duke of York. He was but twenty-eight years of age.

Macnamara, equally distinguished, had fought several naval battles; was also young, and about to be married to a lady with a fortune of ten thousand pounds. As soon as his wound would admit, he was tried at the Old Bailey for manslaughter and acquitted.

A duel was fought in New York in 1804 between Capt. Thompson, Harbor Master of New York, and William Coleman, editor of the *Evening Post*. It was fought in University Place. Thompson was a democrat, Coleman a leader of the federal party. After the bloodless termination of the difficulty between them, the editor of the *American Citizen* newspaper said, among other things, that "Coleman would not fight;" that "if slapped on one side of the face, he would turn the other," &c. A second challenge from Coleman followed. The parties met at night, in winter, and fought in cold and snow; and, before the combat was closed, were compelled to shorten the distance, in order to see one another.

The number of shots exchanged is uncertain. At last, Thompson was heard to cry, "I've got it!" and fell mortally wounded. The seconds, and the other principals, immediately retired. The surgeon approached, made a hasty examination of Thompson's injury, pronounced it fatal, and exacted a promise, that the names of the parties engaged in the affair should not be divulged by the dying man, who was then conveyed to his lodgings. Thompson kept his word; said he came to his end "fairly;" and years elapsed before the particulars obtained general publicity.

Alluding to the trivial causes of duels, Mr. Sabine says: a French knight cried aloud that his mistress was more beautiful than any English woman, and was slain by an Englishman, for the speech:—two French nobles could not agree whether a certain letter on some embroidery was an X, or a Y, and so got up a duel of six against six, to determine their difference:—one marquis owed another marquis the sum of fifteen shillings, and settled the score with his sword:—a royal duke, curious to see the features of a lady at a masked ball, lifted the disguise from the fair one's face, and atoned for the act by a combat with another royal duke:—a member of Parliament was called a *Jacobite*, and lost his life "in satisfaction" for the affront:—a nobleman addressed an intimate friend by a nickname, as he had done for years, gave offence, was called out and slain.

SHAVING BY THE ACRE.—It is said that a gentleman residing in one of the large towns of England, whose face rather exceeded the ordinary dimensions, was waited on by a barber every day for twenty-one years, without coming to a settlement. The barber, thinking it "about time to settle," presented his bill, in which he charged a penny a-day—amounting in all to thirty-one pounds eighteen shillings nine pence. The gentleman, supposing too much charged, refused to pay the amount; but agreed to a proposal of the barber, to pay at the rate of two hundred pounds an acre. The premises were accordingly measured, and the result was, that the shaving bill was increased to seventy-eight pounds eight shillings eight pence.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS—

"The PEN and the PRESS, bless'd alliance! combined
To soften the heart and lighten the mind;
For *that* to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And *this* sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
Their battles for truth were triumphant, indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed.
They were made to exalt us, to teach us to bless
Those invincible brothers—the PEN and the PRESS."

"YOU KNOW."—Many persons are in the habit of repeating the expressions "you know" and "says he," whenever they are relating a narrative or stating any occurrence, without considering how exceedingly annoying these phrases are to their hearers. Let such read the following lines, and judge of the impropriety of these verbal extracts:

At midnight in his guarded tent—you know,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour—you know,
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent—you know,
Should tremble at his power—you know.

Strike till the last armed foe expires—says he,
Strike for your altars and your fires—says he,
Strike for the green graves of your sires—says he,
God and our native land—says he.

BOOKS.—"Books," said Dryden, "are spectacles with which to read nature. They teach us to understand and feel what we see, to decipher and syllable the hieroglyphics of the senses."

Books are an essential element of our social economy. The best minds of every age are trained by

"Those dead but accepted sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

From books we receive most of our culture; and by them are disciplined in youth, stimulated in manhood, and solaced in age. "When I am reading a book," said Swift, "whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me." Such is the feeling of every student who appreciates the author as he reads. There are those who desire a book as a living companion of the mind; and to such a good work is society in loneliness—a balm in trouble—a friend to the friendless—wealth to the poor, and moreover, can keep the mind in action, though the body languishes. It was Cato who went to play when he was elected to the consulship, but the evening before he died, he read.

A book has been curiously defined "brain preserved in ink," and when there is plenty of the fruit, it is a conserve to tempt the most capricious palate. Mind lives by mind as it has been developed and preserved; and man, by this medium, has shown himself in action like an angel, in words a god. Take this from him and he is nothing.

In books we have friends for every mood—comforters for every sorrow; a glorious company of immortals, scattering their sweet influences on the worn and beaten paths of our daily life. Shapes 'that haunt thought's wilderness,' are around us, in toil, and suffering, and joy; mitigating labor, soothing care, giving a keener relish to delight; touching the heroic string in our nature with a noble sentiment; kindling our hearts, lifting our imaginations, and hovering alike over the couch of health and the sick pillow, to bless, and cheer, and animate, and console.

GOOD ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.—When serving your apprenticeship, you will have time and opportunity to stock your mind with useful information. The only way for a young man to prepare himself for usefulness, is to devote himself to study during his leisure hours.

First, be industrious in your business—be frugal, be economical—never complain that you are obliged to work; go to it with alacrity and cheerfulness, and it will become a habit which will make you respected and beloved by master or employer; make it your business to see to and promote his interest; by taking care of his, you will learn to take care of your own.

Young men at the present day are too fond of getting rid of work. They seek for easy and lazy employments, and frequently turn out poor miserable vagabonds. You must avoid all wishes to live without labor; labor is a blessing instead of a curse; it makes your food, clothing, and every other thing necessary, and frees you from temptation to be dishonest.

MATERIALS FOR MAKING PAPER.—A tablet made from the main body of a tree was called *codex* or *caudex*. Scipio Maffei distinguishes square and round books by the terms *codex* and *liber* respectively. It is doubtful whether barks or stones were first written on; although the Decalogue, the first writing of which we have any authentic account, was on the latter. The leaves of plants were long used for writing on—chiefly those of the palm, papyrus, tiles, etc. Leather and goat-skins were used by the Egyptians. Plates of copper and lead were also used in the east. According to Josephus, the children of Seth wrote their inventions in astronomy on stone pillars. Hesiod's works were first written on tables of lead—Solon's laws on wooden planks. The wood was sometimes covered with wax, so that the writing could be easily effaced. Pliny thinks that writing on lead succeeded that on bark.

The term "volume" is from *volvo*, to roll, the earlier manuscripts being in the form of a scroll or roll.

The Chinese manufacture paper of linen, the fibres of the young bamboo—of the mulberry, the envelope of the silk-worm—of a native tree called *chu* or *ko-chu*—but especially of cotton. They were in possession of the art long before it was known in Europe; and, as Mecca was a sort of depot for the products of China, it is by some very reasonably supposed that the paper was brought from that country. Whatever might have been its origin, the art was undoubtedly employed and improved by the Arabs, who, in their career of conquest, carried it into Spain, about the beginning of the tenth century. Other accounts ascribe the invention of cotton paper to Greece; indeed, not only its origin, but the various improvements in its manufacture, and the different substitutions of new materials, have long been the subject of controversy.

Cotton paper was called *charta bombycina*; it was very white and strong, but not equal to that in which linen is a constituent.

With regard to linen paper, authorities differ widely. By some accounts, its manufacture was not introduced into Europe until the latter part of the fifteenth century, a mill having been in 1490 established at Nuremburg. In 1466, however, the republic of Venice granted a patent to the town of Treviso for the exclusive manufacture of linen paper; and it is also stated that the Arabs, when in Spain, on account of the scarcity of cotton, and the abundance of flax and hemp, substituted the latter material in its preparation. Their first manufactories were at Xativa, now San Felipe.

Forty years ago, three men, by handwork, could scarcely manufacture four thousand small sheets of paper a day, while now they can produce sixty thousand in the same time. It has been calculated that if the paper produced yearly could be put together, the sheet would encircle the world.

Nowhere is paper so much used as in the United States. In France, with thirty-five millions of inhabitants, only seventy thousand tons are produced yearly, of which one-seventh is for exportation. In England, with twenty-eight millions of inhabitants, sixty-six thousand tons are produced; while in this country the amount is nearly as great as in France and England together.

THE PRESS.—" Mightiest of the mighty means
On which the arm of progress leans—
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
Mightiest of the mighty is the Press !—*Bowering.*

No man can leave a better legacy to the world than a well-educated and virtuous family.

The smallest children are nearest God, as the smallest plants are nearest the earth.

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Review of Current Literature.

1. **AILEY MOORE:** a tale of the Times; showing how evictions, murders and such like pastimes are managed, and how justice is administered in Ireland; by *Father Baptist*. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We give the title of this book in full, because it exhibits in stronger and clearer language than we could possibly use, the scope and tendency of the work. The work has been lately issued from the press of Mr. Dolman, London, and has already a deserved popularity. The object of the author has been to picture the social and religious condition of Ireland as it exists at present and as it has been for some years past. We are not aware that any writer of fiction has heretofore approached this subject. It is one, nevertheless, of interest and importance. The sufferings endured by the Irish people have been enough to engender in the most patient and loyal, feelings of hate and envy. The rulers, trusting to their power, have often been hurried to acts of violence and injustice, spurred on by hostility and religious fanaticism. A war against peace and order, little known to the public, is thus constantly kept up. To expose these evils, is the chief design of the book.

To say that the work is interesting, is but to give an imperfect idea of its real merits. It is more than interesting. It is a drama of real life, abounding with instances of simple but natural pathos, that go to the heart of the reader. The author is one of the most energetic and zealous of the Irish clergy. His position qualified him for the task, and his experience afforded him ample materials for the work. From a lengthy review of the work in a late number of the *Dublin Tablet*, we subjoin the following:

"Father Baptist has given us here scenes from Irish life and pictures of the Irish poor which equal the best that have as yet been painted. The book is pervaded by Catholicity, but Catholicity without either preaching or cant. The author keeps in his place, and allows the actors and the incidents to work without obtruding himself upon the stage. There is good store of the best morality inculcated; there are political views imparted; there are even controversial topics broached; but these all spring naturally from the course of events, and are not thrust into the page to provoke the more languid reader either to sleep or to lay down the book. Incident is plentiful, for we have evictions, proselytising parsons and apostates, ribbonmen and murder, subornation to murder and perjury, an innocent man tried for his life, and the guilt of his enemies exposed and punished, famine and death by starvation, love, marriage, abduction, and demoniacal obsession. Yet the style is simple and natural, and the narrative unpretending. There is deep pathos—there is rich comic humor—there is fearful energy, but there is no ghastly brooding over horrors for the sake of inspiring horrors—no turgid declamation—no mock sentimentalism—no nauseous whining—no mere sound and fury. No where is the artist's skill evinced in a more masterly manner than in the preservation of the modesty of nature, in the avoidance of the wild, the exaggerated, and the excessive, either in tone or language."

2. **THE BELEAGUERED HEARTH:** a Novel. London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another work lately issued from the English press. Unlike most works of its kind, it makes its appearance before the literary world without a preface, table of contents, or any thing else to indicate its object or give a clue to the design of the author. To arrive at anything like a correct idea of the moral intended to be conveyed by the tale, it is necessary to read nearly four hundred pages of a duodecimo volume: a task which we confess we have not been able to accomplish. We have, however, read sufficient to convince ourselves that the book is thoroughly Catholic; entering deeply into explanations of Catholic doctrine and the services of the Catholic Church. The scene is laid in Italy, and the author avails himself of the charms of that lovely country to give additional interest to the book. We take pleasure in commending the work to those who desire a book that combines entertainment with instruction.

3. **POST-BIBLICAL HISTORY OF THE JEWS.** By *Morris Raphael*. Philadelphia: Moss & Bro. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

After a careful perusal of this work, we have failed to discover in it any thing that invites special attention. Whatever it contains of novelty is little interesting to the Christian reader, excepting some details with regard to the prosperous condition of the dispersed Jews before the Christian era. But the all-important question to the Jew in these days of infidelity and irreligion, namely, the authenticity of his sacred records, is passed over in silence. The author has also carefully abstained from noticing the Christian religion, or defending the religious position which the followers of the Mosaic law have maintained since the promulgation of Christianity. No doubt in this he was influenced by a kind motive, that of not giving offence, but the omission has left a void in the work and seriously disappoints the general reader. The work has reference mainly to the past political glory of the Jewish people, but is in reality a new monument to their spiritual death.

4. **A NEW CHAPTER IN THE EARLY LIFE OF WASHINGTON**, in connection with the History of the Potomac Company; by *John Pickell*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work gives us some interesting details of the early life and labors of the illustrious Washington, but the chief object of the author is to show that the welfare and prosperity of his country was first in the thoughts of that great man, from early manhood to the latest period of his life. Scarcely had he sought the shades of Mount Vernon, after having achieved the independence of the nation, than he entered into an extensive correspondence with leading men of the country on the subject of internal improvement. This correspondence shows that he felt more than ordinary solicitude in relation to the subject of internal communication, not only for the advancement of commerce, but as a means of strengthening the bonds of the union. The result of the interest he took in this subject, was the establishment of the "Potomac Company," of which he was the first president. The history of this company, which is given in the book, and the many letters from distinguished men of former days, on the subject of internal improvement, give special interest and importance to the work.

5. **HERTHA.** By *Fredrika Bremer*. Translated by *Mary Howitt*. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co.

The fair authoress has presented us in this volume some very pretty writing, but the moral conveyed by the checkered life of Hertha is not such as we can admire. It does not exhibit those pure and elevated sentiments of virtue which should always form the basis of works of fiction, and without which they become dangerous and pernicious.

6. **SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.** By *Frank Moore*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This volume contains a selection of the various productions in verse that appeared during our revolutionary contest. They were originally published in the newspapers of that period, or circulated in ballad sheets; they were read and sung by the soldiers in the camp and by the aged and young at home, and served in no small degree to keep alive the spirit of patriotism and love of liberty.

Few of them can lay claim to the distinction of poetry. Their authors did not write for fame; but, in the language of one of the most homely, "from a great desire to state the truth and their opinion of it in a quiet way, they just set their poetical lathes a-turning, and twisted out ballads and songs for the good of the common cause." Linked as they are with the most important period of our history, their perusal must prove interesting, especially to the American reader.

7. **POEMS.** By *Richard Chenevix Trench*. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are told in the preface of this book, by way of commendation, that the author is not only a poet but also a *divine*, and modestly reminded that he is at the head of the

"religious poets" of the day. We will not dispute Mr. Trench's claim to these eminent distinctions, but we must confess that after a careful examination we have failed to discover anything of extraordinary merit in the work before us. It lacks, in general, that sweetness of measure, that elevation of thought and expression which we are accustomed to admire in great poets.

In saying this, however, we are far from condemning the work; on the contrary, it contains many pieces of special merit, and on the whole we take pleasure in recommending it to the lovers of song.

8. **APPLETON'S RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE.** New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This book contains the time-tables, fares, connections and distances on all the railways of the United States and the Canadas; also the connecting lines of railways, steamboats and stages. Each of the principal roads is fully delineated and illustrated by a map, exhibiting the stations, distances between stations, connecting roads, and other topographical matter useful and interesting to the traveler. It also gives the daily sailings of all the steamboats to and from every port throughout the United States. It is accompanied by a complete guide to the principal hotels, giving their locations, proprietors, terms, &c.; with a large variety of general and local information. The book must prove a valuable and useful companion to the traveler.

9. **HISTORY OF IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES.** By *Wm. J. Bromwell.* New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

From a cursory glance at this work, we are inclined to entertain towards it a favorable opinion. It exhibits in a short compass the number, age, sex, occupation and country of the immigrants from the year 1819 to the close of the year 1855. It is compiled from official data, and contains a very clear and satisfactory review of the progress and extent of immigration to the United States prior to the year 1819, with an appendix showing the naturalization and passenger laws, and extracts from laws in the several states relative to immigration.

As to the question of the good or bad effect resulting to this country from immigration, the author carefully avoids entering into any speculations, and disclaims all intention of forcing on the reader his own views: he has confined himself to *facts*, and leaves to the "enlightened people of the United States to arrive at just conclusions from the premises presented." The work will be found exceedingly useful in the department to which it relates.

10. **LIFE AND SKETCHES FROM COMMON PATHS: a series of American tales.** By *Mrs. Julia M. Dumont.* New York: Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The preface to this book thoroughly disarms criticism. It is the production of a mother: a series of tales intended to inculcate various moral truths on the minds of her children, written expressly for them. Death, however, has taken most of them away from her lessons, the duties of life have called away the two who remain alive, and the sad mother gives it to the world. Though she has laid her own precious ones away from the strife of life, and is now able to turn in calmness and hope from their "clustered graves," she retains a woman's yearning over the children of other mothers, and would fain give them the benefit of her toil for her own beloved ones. Under these circumstances, if we had a word of condemnation to utter, our heart would fail us and the rising censure would die upon our lips. In glancing over the book, however, we find nothing to complain of, and we wish the bereaved mother the most complete success.

11. **LIFE AND TIMES OF CARDINAL XIMENES.** By *Professor Héfélé.*

We have received a copy of this valuable work, in French, too late for a suitable notice in the present number of the Metropolitan, but we are informed by *Messrs. Murphy & Co.* that they will soon issue an English translation, which will be a most acceptable addition to every Catholic library. From what we have seen of the work, we take pleasure in bespeaking for it a cordial reception not only among intelligent Catholics, but also among all liberal-minded men of letters who can appreciate true greatness, and who desire a close acquaintance with men and things of a period of time unsurpassed in historical interest.

Editors' Table.

DEATH! How sad, but how salutary the thoughts awakened by the single word! Life is a passing drama; man is the actor in the scene; the after part is death! No matter how varied the incidents that checker his career, how exalted his station, how vast his talents, how boundless his wealth, man hears, often with an unwilling ear, the inevitable decree recorded against his race,—*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return!* Daily do we see the fulfillment of this decree; daily do we see the sombre hearse conveying to their final resting place the remains of some of the short-lived race of Adam. Death is the doom of all,—certain and irrevocable; though the moment of its approach we know not, or where it will meet us:

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song and wine,
There comes a day of grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears,—but all for thee.

Youth and the opening rose,
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee,—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords bent down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!”

Yes, truly, “Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!” Be it ours to be prepared for thy coming.

“Pardon me, Mr. O'Moore, for interrupting your soliloquy,” said Father Carroll, entering the sanctum.

“No apology is necessary; it is good by times to hold communion with the grim monarch of the tomb; to familiarize one's self with the dread ordeal through which we are all to pass.”

"Well, as we are somewhat behind our time, let us proceed at once to business, leaving our readers to make the best meditation they can on what has been written and sung by our friend, O'Moore," observed Father Carroll, drawing a chair to the table.

"Your promised *critique* on *Maud*, Mr. O'Moore?"

"It's at your disposal," replied the latter, as he drew forth a lengthy document, which was read as follows:

MAUD AND OTHER POEMS: by *Alfred Tennyson*, D. C. L., Poet Laureate.

The announcement of a new poem by the English laureate, naturally enough produced a sensation among the reading public. An author of brilliant abilities, blessed with a delicate musical ear and with a fine eye for the minute beauties of nature and of art, he had won for himself a very enviable fame. He was greatly admired both in England and the United States, though many critics complained that he was very unequal; at times, rising to great excellences of conception and expression, but often unfortunately sinking into bathos. His last production, "In Memoriam," had been favorably received, in spite of its endless repetition of the same ideas and the dreary monotony of its melody. It was, in truth, a mistake. The laureate over-estimated the patience of the public, and the consequence is that though praised at first, this collection of elegies is passing quietly into oblivion. An adagio in a minor key, when well done, is a very fine thing, but nobody wants it protracted through an entire opera.

This very fact of failure in elegiac poetry increased the interest with which the admirers of "Godiva," and "Locksly Hall," and the "Lotus Eaters," looked for the heralded volume. They expected some of the old delicacy of fancy and melody of verse. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes! We have a rugged gallop of rough-gaited dactyls and anapæsts mounted by the most eccentric ideas. Scarcely a trace of the old music remains. This, however, we shall find as we advance; we will follow the story, and comment as we go.

Maud is written in the form of an autobiography. The hero has lost his father, who, he hints, committed suicide on account of the failure of a great speculation. He announces his own feelings in a most remarkable manner. We are at a loss to say whether the ruggedness of the metre, the oddity of the epithets, or the confusion of the construction, is most to be condemned:

"I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd
By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright;
And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard
The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night."

The reader who should take the shuffling step as the agent which stirred the roots of his hair, might be pardoned for his literal construction. Of course the author meant that the sounds of the step, of the dragging the corpse, of the frightened whisper which announced the catastrophe, startled him so that his hair stood on end, but he has made a most unfortunate selection of phrases to convey the idea. The epithets *shrill-edged* and *shuddering* in their present collocation, are sheer nonsense.

The author gives us to understand that the unfortunate speculation was not a losing business to all parties engaged, for one of the partners retired rich and purchased a neighboring estate. In consequence of which, the hero of the poem raves wildly against peace as the nurse of swindling and corruption, and gives us a most unfavorable account of business and of mankind generally. He thirsts for the good old fighting times, when "the heart of the citizen hissed in war on his own hearth stone," and "does into verse" the reports of the committee on the adulteration of food and medicine. On this theme he is quite rabid:

"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head
Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life."

"And sleep must lie down armed, for the villanous centre-bits
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights."

All very vigorous, but the reason of its introduction into this queer love-story, and indeed the fitness of all these tirades against peace, are not very easily comprehended. In the midst of this growling he remembers Maud, the daughter of the successful operator in the bad speculation, dwells upon the memory of her childish beauty, but snarls ever at her. After a while she arrives, he sees her, and determining not to be captivated by her charms, sneers at her beauty, which he characterizes as

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more."

In his effort to be very original in this description, as in many other parts of the poem, he becomes ridiculously affected. For example, could Della Crusca do worse than this:

"Or the *least little* delicate aquiline curve in a *sensitive* nose."

Maud's beauty slowly triumphs over his morbid misanthropy, and not being able to sleep for visions of her "luminous, gem-like, ghost-like, death-like, passionless, pale, cold face, *star-sweet* on a gloom profound," he gets up and tells us that he,

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung ship-wrecking roar,
Now to the *scream* of a *madden'd beach* dragg'd down by the wave,
Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found
The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave."

Still he resists all the fascinations of his sweet neighbor, fancies her proud, hates his race worse than ever, especially Maud's father and brother, and loads his "spavined dactyls" with a burden of the fiercest vituperation.

In spite of himself, he becomes daily more and more interested in the lady. He hears her sing, and is charmed out of his crustiness, and almost out of his caution, by

"Maud with her exquisite face,
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,
And feet like *sunny gems* on an *English green*."

If Mr. Tennyson had been playing "What is my thought like?" it seems to us that it would have taxed his ingenuity to explain that last simile.

Maud's brother seems gradually by some peculiar affinity to attract to and concentrate upon himself all the hate of the hero for the whole family. His portrait is drawn for us in the following highly flattering colors:

"That jewel'd mass of millinery
That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull
Smelling of musk and of insolence,
Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
Who wants the finer politic sense
To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
With a glassy smile his brutal scorn."

In spite of everything unpleasant in her family, he becomes more deeply enamored as he sees

..... "the *treasured splendor*, her hand,
Come sliding out of her *sacred glove*,
And the *sunlight* break from her *lip*."

A rival now comes upon the *tapis*, the grandson of a rich old coal proprietor, who has, for our author's consolation, "gone to a blacker pit" than that which he

mined upon earth. Maud, however, favors the poet, who even begins to think of paying some little attention to her brother, whose

..... "essences turned the live air sick,
And barbarous opulence jewel-thick
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands."

It was to no purpose, however, that the lover thought of propitiating the dandy; for, says the poet, he

"Stopt, and then with a riding-whip,
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonised me from head to foot
With a stony British stare."

All efforts at conciliation being hopeless, our hero takes advantage of the time when

"This lump of earth has left his estate,
The lighter by the loss of his weight,"

to pay his respects to Maud in real earnest. The result of his wooing is quite satisfactory, and his happiness renders him idiotic. Witness the following drivel. It is the day which is addressed:

"When the happy Yes
Falters from her lips,
Pass and blush the news
O'er the *blowing ships*.
Over *blowing seas*,
Over seas at rest,
Pass the happy news,
Blush it thro' the west;
Till the red man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the red man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.
Blush from west to east,
Blush from east to west,
Till the west is east,
Blush it through the west"

and so on—but this is quite enough for our readers. We should be at a loss to find a parallel to this piece of lyrical rapture, had we not, in our early days, thrilled to those inspiring lines of Mother Goose, beginning "Hey diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle." Of the two, we rather prefer the simplicity of these ancient verses which appear to be the model on which Mr. Tennyson has framed the above-quoted effusion. If the whole passage were not such mere babble as to be beneath criticism, we might ask the meaning of *blowing ships*.

This, however, is altogether too smooth a channel for the current of true love to run in, and we have an interruption. The brother returns to the Hall and gives a grand political dinner, to which our hero is not invited. He makes an engagement, however, with Maud to steal out and meet him in the garden, and at this point we have a few verses which relieve the dreary desert of trashy verbiage through which we have been toiling. Maud grants him the meeting, but the brother has his suspicions. He comes out, finds them together, angry words are exchanged, the lie is given, a blow struck, a duel fought, and the unfortunate "Assyrian Bull" falls. The rest of the poem is so confused and disjointed, that it is impossible to get any clear idea of what the author means. Whether the brother died, and what became of Maud, we are not informed. From certain dark hints we should suppose that the poet intended us to infer the death of Maud. Be that as it may, the hero goes crazy, and we are treated to another outbreak of unmeaning rant. He recovers, however, on hearing that England is going to war with Russia. The remedy is somewhat heroic, and administered without regard

to expense, but whether the restitution of such a mind is worth one pound or one Russian life, is an economical question which we do not mean to discuss.

We have thus given a fair analysis of "*Maud*." We have let the author speak as much as possible for himself, and we think our readers will agree with us that few distinguished poets have ever written such unmitigated nonsense. Throughout the poem there is scarcely a single gem. It is full of miserable conceits, and attempts to be startling and sublime, which only verify Napoleon's adage, and take the fatal step. The object of it we confess we cannot see. It appears to be to decry peace, and make the Russian war popular. If that was the poet's intention, he has been strangely unfortunate in his selection of the means. As a story it is pointless; as a satire it has wrath without wit; as a poem it is a total failure; as a political engine it is a rush to lift the world with.

Having said so much against the poem, and said it honestly, it gives us pleasure to point out these strong lines upon the stars:

"Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand
His nothingness into man."

A very few more lines would exhaust all the merit of the poem. But —

"In the name of charity, Mr. O'Moore, do not extend your comments any further on this book," exclaimed Father Carroll, whose patience by this time entirely gave way under the senseless verses of the *laureate* and the tediousness of O'Moore's criticism. "One of the duties we owe to our readers, and not the least of our duties either, is not to exhaust their patience; and really, if they follow you through that lengthened commentary, they possess the favorite virtue of Job in an eminent degree."

"Patience!" said O'Moore, raising his eyes from the paper, and placing it before him on the table.

"We owe something to the patience of our readers, but they owe something in return for the labor we take in supplying them with something worthy of their time."

"That's true, O'Moore; but we must not be guilty of prolixity. You have bestowed too much time and labor on the book, or rather part of the book, in question. Your criticism is tiresome."

"Not half so much so as the book itself. And if by my remarks I have succeeded in giving our readers a faint idea of the merits of *Maud*, without the loss of time and trouble of perusing it, I think I have done them a material service."

"What think you, Mr. Oliver," continued O'Moore, "of the paper just read?"

"Exquisite! exquisite! Mr. O'Moore," replied Mr. Oliver, waking up from a profound sleep into which he had fallen during the reading. "I am delighted with *Maud*: it is the most delicious poetry I ever listened to, and worthy of any poet *laureate*. Is the balance of the book in keeping with *Maud*?"

"Here, judge for yourself," replied O'Moore, handing the volume across the table. "I can assure you that all parts of it are in perfect harmony."

Record of Events.

From July 20, to August 30, 1856.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The Holy Father on the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul assisted at the Mass in the Chapel of St. Paul extra muros, in honor of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and in the evening of the same day left Rome for Port d'Anzio, where he intended to make a short stay. During his sojourn there he was visited by the King of Naples and several members of the royal family. The *Journal de Rome* gives the following particulars of the royal visit:

"His Majesty the King of the two Sicilies, accompanied by His Royal Highness the Duke of Calabria, heir apparent, and his two other sons—the Count de Trani and the Count de Caserta, arrived on board a royal steam yacht, from Gaeta, at six o'clock in the morning of the 2d of July, and were received with all honors due to their exalted rank, by His Eminence Cardinal Pacca and the officials of the Pontificate. His Majesty after paying his respects to the Holy Father, assisted at Mass celebrated by His Holiness in the new church dedicated to St. Anthony and St. Pius V. His Majesty and his sons dined with His Holiness, and afterwards walked in the neighboring Park of the Prince Borghese, and at nine o'clock in the evening returned on board his yacht, having just taken leave of the Holy Father, to whom he renewed his expressions of his filial veneration. His Holiness, together with Cardinals Antonelli and Roberti, accompanied the royal party to the place of embarkation. The town and port were brilliantly illuminated, and there was a grand display of fireworks in the evening."

The 19th of July, the festival of St. Vincent de Paul, was celebrated with much pomp at the house of the Mission of Monte Citorio. A solemn Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Silencia, at which many of the cardinals assisted. The report of the Society for the year 1855 shows that there are thirteen conferences at Rome, and in the rest of the States of the Church fourteen, together twenty-seven, comprising eight hundred and ninety members, four hundred and twenty-three honorary members, and thirty-one candidates or aspirants.

They have visited in 1855 nine hundred and forty-seven families, patronised one hundred and ninety-sixty orphans, placed in charitable establishments one hundred and thirty children, patronised eight hundred and sixteen students or workmen, assisted eighty laborers, prepared one hundred and thirty children for first communion, instructed three hundred and four poor work people, and assisted seventy-nine sick or dying. Their receipts have been 17,074 crowns, about 3,600*l.*, being an average for each conference of about 128*l.* To the good done to their *protégés*, we must add the good that these 1,344 members, united by the bonds of prayer and charity, do to themselves. We know nothing more eminently social than this society, which will be one of the glories of our age, and yet there are Catholic governments which fear it, and which prohibit its introduction into their states. The kingdom of the two Sicilies is of the number. Frequent attempts have been made, but hitherto nothing has been able to overcome the prejudices and ill-will of an administration which one would think more busied in destroying than in saving the monarchy.

SPAIN.—The insurrection in Spain which prevailed a month ago, has been finally suppressed, not, however without much bloodshed. Saragosa, the stronghold of the insurrectionists, was the last place to surrender. The chief power is at present in the hands of Marshal O'Donnell, minister of war. The cause of this outbreak may, doubtlessly, be traced to the imbecility of those heretofore at the head of the government and to the encouragement given to infidelity and irreligion. "For two years," says a foreign paper, "owing to the impotence of the administration, subversive doc-

trines had been disseminated without hindrance among the working classes. Last year the evil effects of such doctrines had been seen at Barcelona and in a number of other localities of inferior importance. Independently of acts which did not cease to give proofs of a hot-bed of socialism in Catalonia, at the same period acts of violence of the same nature took place on a vast scale at Valladolid, Palencia and Rio Seco. Threats against property, cries of death against the rich in the most industrious provinces of the kingdom, are proofs not only of the progress of socialism during the last six months, but of an organization becoming stronger and stronger of the juntas which directed that combined movement. It is certain that if the military force has put down these risings, the bad spirit of the civil administration was more calculated to encourage than to prevent them. And even had the civil administration been disposed to cause property and public order to be respected, it found itself paralysed by the false ideas which prevailed in the Cortes, and by the uncertain directions which were sent from Madrid. It was thus that at Valladolid the persons most ardent after pillage were liberated convicts, who were allowed to be there by the fault of the police. Thus also the insurgents of Madrid forced the prisons to obtain additional assistance. Recourse to such singular auxiliaries to defend a constitution which had not been violated, and to repel a *coup d'etat* which had not been attempted, proves sufficiently what suggestions the insurrection obeyed, what was its real object, and with what danger it would have menaced not only the royal authority, but the whole range of the social order, had it triumphed."

The Spanish papers give an interesting account of a religious demonstration which lately took place at Seville, the capitol of Andalusia. The people of that city, scandalized at the principles enunciated in the chamber of representatives, and the manifest tendency to introduce laxity of religion into Spain, had fixed upon the 15th of June for the purpose of making a solemn manifestation of their religious sentiments, and as a protest against the preaching of Lutheran principles. On the invitation of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, all the other confraternities, conferences, and religious associations were to take part in this public act.

The Chapter had given permission for the ceremony to be celebrated at the high altar of the Cathedral, with the greatest pomp and splendor, and the civil governor of the city had given authority for a religious procession. All the most distinguished amongst the nobility, with the Duke and Dutchess of Montpensier at their head, and indeed all ranks supported the idea of this demonstration, and were prepared to take part in it.

The partisans of what is misnamed "civil and religious liberty," could not tolerate such a display, and accordingly they worked on the timidity and weakness of the governor, so as to prevent the procession and the sermon, which was intended to be preached in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. The demonstration was thus confined to a general communion fixed for the 15th, and to the opening of the subscription for erecting a monument to the immaculate conception.

SARDINIA.—The only events that have lately taken place in this country of any moment, are the seizure of several Catholic papers by the governmental authorities. The *Campanone* of Turin rendered itself obnoxious to the authorities by an article on the Crimean expedition, and was seized. A few days afterwards, the *Catholico* of Genoa, was brought to an account for an article relative to the verdict lately given in favor of the Society of the Priests of the Oratory against the government.

PORTUGAL.—The affairs in this country are perfectly tranquil, and no fears are entertained of its imitating the commotions of Spain. The government is disposed to give encouragement to internal improvement, if we may judge from the following extract from the speech of the king delivered at the late closing of the Cortes at Lisbon:

"The causes which gave rise to the change of ministry at the beginning of June are well known to you. Convinced that increased facilities of communication by means of good roads and of railroads are now as imperious a necessity as it was always of the highest convenience, you did not hesitate to vote the supplies which my government

proposed for that object. I thank you, and trust that my wishes and your own will be fulfilled by the uninterrupted progress of public works, upon the largest possible scale, in order that the country may in the shortest possible period enjoy the immense benefits resulting therefrom. The harvests this year do not promise to be better than the last. I hope, however, that from the measures you have adopted to attenuate the evil, and, above all, by the favor of Divine Providence, we may be enabled to pass the ordeal without seriously suffering its terrible consequences. It is pleasing to me to announce to you that the public tranquillity has been maintained in all points of the kingdom."

FRANCE.—During the insurrection in Spain, the Emperor of the French ordered a large force to assemble on the Spanish frontier as a measure of precaution.—A subject of some interest has lately been decided. A commission was some time ago appointed by the Emperor to examine into some family matters, and among others the marriage of Prince Jerome, uncle to the Emperor, with Miss Patterson of Baltimore, was intrusted to the investigation of this commission. The result of the investigation is, that the validity of the marriage, which, to the great offence of Napoleon I, was always maintained by the Pope, and a divorce consistently refused by the Holy See, is now confirmed by the imperial commission, and the consequence is, that the grandson of Prince Jerome and Miss Patterson, now a lieutenant in the French Army, must be recognized as a legitimate member of the Napoleon dynasty, and that Prince Napoleon, the son of Jerome by his second marriage, will be excluded.

The Paris *Moniteur* publishes in its official column, the *senatus consultum* concerning the regency of the empire. It bears the sanction of the Emperor, countersigned by the Ministers, and is dated Plombieres, July 17, 1856.

The *Moniteur* of the 19th of July contains a document from the Emperor to the Minister of Public Works, of great interest, setting forth his views for the prevention of the recurrence of such calamities as the late inundation. The Emperor proposes the construction of several artificial lakes on the sides of the mountains, of sufficient capacity to hold the surplus water, in the event of heavy rains, and thus prevent any extraordinary rise in the rivers. The water retained in the lakes could be discharged as the rivers subsided.—By latest arrivals we learn that Marshal Pelissier has been raised to the dignity of duke. This is the first instance of the creation of nobility under the present empire.—Prince Lucien Bonaparte has gone to Madrid on a commission. It is stated that the French government has demanded an explanation from the Spanish government in relation to the contemplated marriage between the Infanta of Spain and Prince Adalbert of Bavaria. The prince is heir presumptive to the Greek throne, and according to the Greek Constitution, the King of Greece must be of the Greek religion. It is said that according to the marriage contract the children of this union are to be brought up in the Catholic religion.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings in Parliament for the few weeks previously to its adjournment, presented nothing of any special interest. On the 29th of July that body was prorogued by the Queen, not in person, but by commission. The royal speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, contains little of importance. Her Majesty congratulates the country on the termination of the war, and thanks the representatives for the promptness with which her appeals for aid to prosecute it was met. She said she "is engaged in negotiating on subjects in connection with the affairs of Central America, and hopes that the differences which have arisen between her Majesty's government and the United States may be satisfactorily settled."—The Bishops of London and Durham have tendered their resignation of their sees, on condition that an annuity of £6,000 be allowed to the former, and £4,200 to the latter. Their retirement has been acceded to, and the bill making the annual allowance asked has passed a third reading in the House of Lords.—The case of Archdeacon Denison is again on the tapis. A final hearing was lately had before the commissioners appointed to investigate the charges against him; the court then adjourned to the 12th of August, at which time it is said a decision in the case will be pronounced.—A grand military review lately took place at Aldershot, in the presence of the Queen.—An awful explosion occurred on the 15th of

July, in the collieries at Cymmer, in Rhouda Valley, South Wales. In the morning about 116 men and boys entered the pit, which had been pronounced *safe* by those whose duty it was to examine it before the workmen descended. In less than an hour afterwards a terrible gas explosion took place, causing the death of one hundred and ten of the unfortunate workmen.

IRELAND.—A serious riot among the men of the North Tipperary Infantry, at Nenagh, took place on the 7th of July, during which several persons were killed and wounded. It seems that an order had been received at the barracks granting a discharge to any soldier who might choose to make application for it, but at the same time directing the colonel to take from the soldiers the clothing issued to them in April last. One of the soldiers refused to give up the clothing, and was put under arrest and sent to the guard house. The soldiers of the company to which he belonged, indignant at this treatment, proceeded to the guard house, forced it, and liberated their companion, as well as all the other prisoners. They then for some time, with musket in hand, resisted the authorities. The outbreak was finally suppressed, and a court of inquiry appointed to investigate the causes of the mutiny.

The escape of James Sadler, brother of the late great defaulter, has caused considerable surprise. His place in Parliament has been declared vacant, and already several candidates are in the field for the vacant seat. Wm. Smith O'Brien, since his return from exile, has been waited on by a deputation from the electors of Tipperary, requesting him to stand as a candidate for that place; Mr. O'Brien, however, has thought proper to decline.

Death of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry.—The death of this distinguished and venerable prelate took place on the 21st of July. He was nearly thirty-two years a bishop, and has passed to the reward of his labors amidst the tears and regrets of his clergy and people.

Agriculture.—The condition of the crops is satisfactory. The potatoes generally bid fair, though the blight has appeared in some districts. The wheat and oats, it is stated, will yield an average crop.

SCOTLAND.—An important meeting of the Catholics of the City of Glasgow took place on the 30th of June, the object of which was to adopt preliminaries for the establishment of an association for the security and defence of the civil rights and political interests of the Catholic citizens of Glasgow. The chairman, Mr. Neil Browne, addressed the meeting in an eloquent speech. After commenting upon the remarkable fact that the Catholic population were more than one hundred thousand, and yet without a single Catholic representative in the city; and after alluding to the Catholic Association which formerly existed in Glasgow, he concluded by cogently and persuasively urging the necessity for the immediate revival of the Catholic Association, for the registration and organization of Catholic voters, and for the security and promotion of Catholic rights and interests. From the remarks of Mr. Murphy, another speaker, we gather the following items of information; he said:

"That as an evidence of the evil results of the want of Catholic organization and due attention to the civil rights of Catholics, that notwithstanding that there were upwards of one hundred thousand Catholics in Glasgow, constituting more than the one-fourth of the entire population, yet there existed this anomalous fact, that the Catholics had no representatives of theirs either in parliament nor on the magisterial bench, nor on the council board, nor on the police board, nor on the River Trust, nor in short in any of the municipal districts, nor in the House of Refuge, the only exception being Mr. Henry McKay, who is a member of the Barony Parochial Board. Only think that out of a Catholic population of upwards of one hundred thousand persons in this great city, there was only one Catholic in office; so that the Catholics, despite their numbers, intelligence, and wealth, were virtually unrepresented and out of the pale of the constitution."

The proceedings were finally concluded by adopting a resolution reviving the former Catholic Association, under the title of the "*Glasgow Catholic Rights Association.*"

RUSSIA.—The coronation of the Emperor, which was to take place at Moscow, on the 30th of July, was at latest dates the absorbing topic throughout the empire. Extensive preparations were making for the event in the way of balls, suppers, fireworks, &c. The government is giving special attention to the perfecting her naval armament. A number of gunboats were lately launched in the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine and other imperial princes, and various reviews of these small craft have since been held. An imperial ukase orders that the owners of all boats shall be required to prevent any private persons who may hire their craft from taking any soundings in the sailing channel along the coast in the government of St. Petersburg and in the arms of the Neva. The Grand Duke Constantine has ordered that the musketoons, which have hitherto been used in the navy as boarding weapons, shall be replaced by rifle firearms, such as used by the dragoons, and the latter have already been distributed to the different crews.

Return of Captives.—When the Emperor Nicholas sent an army to invade the Danubian Principalities, a certain number of persons belonging to distinguished families of these provinces were arrested under the pretext of having made hostile demonstrations against Russia, and were conducted, under military escort, into Siberia. A number of these unhappy victims have been permitted to return from exile: several of them have their limbs badly frost-bitten.—It is stated that the Jesuits, who have hitherto had no schools or public institutions in Russia, have received permission from the Emperor to establish a seminary.

The Emperor and Prince Menschikoff.—The following letter was addressed by the Emperor to Prince Menschikoff on the occasion of the latter celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into public life:

"As fifty years have now elapsed during which you have filled political functions, I am happy to recall the eminent services rendered by you both in your military and administrative career, and in which you have displayed your zeal and devotion to the throne and the country, during the reigns of the Emperor Alexander I and the Emperor Nicholas I, my father, of happy memory. During the memorable years of 1813, '14, and '15, you were present in a great number of actions, and everywhere displayed courage and coolness. During the campaign of 1828 against the Sublime Porte, you covered yourself with glory by the capture of Anapa. Your conduct was no less brilliant at the siege of Varna, when you were wounded by a ball. Finally, your name will remain for ever connected with the defence of Sebastopol—a defence which lasted eleven months, and has no equal in history. To you belong the first brilliant pages of the annals which describe that obstinate resistance against innumerable hostile legions."

AUSTRIA.—From our foreign files we learn that the Emperor Francis Joseph is shortly to be crowned at Vienna as "Emperor of Austria." This is the first instance of a single coronation since the foundation of the Austrian empire. Francis I, and Ferdinand, his successor, were crowned as kings of Bohemia, Hungary and Italy.—For the furtherance of Catholicity, it is said that his Majesty has granted permission to all the Catholic unions in Germany and Austria to send deputations to Linz, in upper Austria, where a conference will be held from the 23d to the 25th of September.—The Jesuits have purchased, in the neighborhood of Vienna, the magnificent chateau and extensive park of Katsburg, where they are about to organize an educational establishment upon an extensive scale.—Austria is said to be actively engaged with France in the affairs of Naples. Numerous dispatches have lately been interchanged between these several cabinets, the object of which does not yet appear.

BAVARIA.—The Protestant Head Consistory at Munich has published the following decree to all Protestant consistories:

"In the name of his Majesty the king, the Supreme Ecclesiastical Office has resolved, with regard to the ecclesiastical celebration of mixed marriages, on the following ordinances:

1st. Since, in a mixed marriage, no full communion in the highest and holiest things can exist between the spouses, since the danger of cooling towards or wholly falling off from the faith is more or less incurred, and the confessional differences of the

parents must exercise a prejudicial influence on the religious education of the children, the contracting of mixed marriages cannot in any way be sanctioned from an ecclesiastical point of view, and every clergyman must in every way proper to his pastoral duties, warn against such unions.

2. If such a marriage is to take place, the clergyman is bound by his duty most pressing to urge the Protestant party to perform his duty by his own church in the education of his children.

3. If the blessing of the clergyman be sought for on such a marriage, he must not refuse it, provided that all the children are to be Protestants; that the boys follow the father's and the girls the mother's religion; that nothing is fixed upon the question, so that the last arrangement takes effect by law.

4. If an arrangement is proposed by which all the children are to be Catholics, the ecclesiastical blessing is to be unconditionally refused, and the Protestant party is to be warned, 'that according to circumstances he may give occasion to proceed against him with the application of ecclesiastical penalties.'

This decree has caused much sensation, and is believed to be a final effort to save from dissolution the Protestant Church in Germany.

THE CRIMEA.—This peninsular, the seat of the late sanguinary contest, has been finally evacuated by the allied troops. A dispatch lately received from there at Paris, announces that the portions of that peninsular occupied by the Allies, were given up officially to the Russian Commander-in-chief on the 7th of July, and that from the 8th every one still in the place was under Russian law.

BELGIUM.—A grand celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the coronation of the king took place in Brussels on the 21st of July. It was quite a jubilee, and manifested in a special manner the royalty of a Catholic people to a Protestant king. There was religious service in the open air, on which occasion the Cardinal Archbishop having solemnly intoned the *Te Deum*, the sacred hymn was chanted in alternate verses by five hundred priests and a choir of twelve hundred laymen—all natives of Belgium.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

I. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*Consecration of St. Ignatius' Church.*—This beautiful church adjoining Loyola College, at the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, in this city, was solemnly dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the festival of the Assumption. The Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick officiated on the occasion. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop McGill, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Ryder. In the evening the Very Rev. Father Stonestreet delivered an eloquent discourse, selecting for his subject the Immaculate Conception. We may on some future occasion give a detailed description of this superb edifice; in the meantime we subjoin the following outlines from the *Baltimore American*, which will doubtlessly be received with pleasure by our readers:

"This beautiful structure is now nearly completed, and is without doubt one of the handsomest church buildings internally in the United States. The exterior is plain, the only ornamental work being heavy iron caps, which surmount the pilasters. The interior work is the feature of the edifice, and reflects credit upon the taste and skill of the artizans engaged in its construction. The main body of the church is reached through two broad doors leading into the vestibule about ten feet wide, and running the whole length of the front of the building. There is but one door fronting the principal aisle, on each side of which are the confessionals, each containing three apartments, and finished in the Roman style of architecture. The gallery occupies the whole front and is intended for the choir and organ. The interior walls and ceiling are of the most elaborate description, and in point of richness and magnificence, far surpasses any other church in the city or in the country. Between the windows are handsomely fluted pilasters of stocco work, with heavy Corinthian caps overhung by a cornice rich in design and perfect in execution. The ceiling is finished in indented panel work, in the centre of which is a painting thirty feet long, representing the Immaculate Conception.

"The altar is the masterpiece of the church. It is made of white marble, in panel work, inlaid with sienna marble of beautiful description. The principal altar is about twenty feet long, the lower portion of which is plain and contains in the centre the relic. On the second line of panels are representations of the chalice, the heart and spears and

the ostentarium, the receptacle of the heart. This is surmounted by the tabernacle, over which is the place for the exposition, composed of eight columns, upon the top of which rests a beautifully carved octagonal marble slab sustaining a cross. In the rear of this altar is an elaborate Roman arch, resting upon two fluted columns and four pilasters. In the centre of the arch is the representation of a dove in the act of descending. Below the pillars of the arch is a painting thirteen feet long and nine and a half feet wide, representing the patron saint of the church and the Saviour. On each side of the principal altar is a smaller or side altar, painted in imitation of the main or centre one, over each of which is a magnificent painting. The whole interior of the church is most elaborately finished, and though portions of the work would seem to be heavy, it is relieved by graceful pendants."

Ordination.—On Saturday morning, August 16th, Messrs. John Banister, James Tehan and James McGuigan, all of the Society of Jesus, were ordained subdeacons by the Right. Rev. Bishop McGill, and on the following day the same gentlemen were raised to the order of deaconship and priesthood.

Religious Reception.—Mrs. Amelia K. Keating, grand-daughter of the late John Keating, Esq., of Philadelphia, lately received the religious habit at the Carmelite Convent in this city. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated and preached on the occasion.

2. ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—During a late visitation of a part of his diocese, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati confirmed one hundred and four persons at St. Patrick's Church, Perry county, Ohio, and sixty-eight at the Church of St. Dominic, in the same county. The same Most Rev. prelate confirmed sixty-one persons in the Church of St. Thomas Aquinas, Zanesville; seventy-three in the Church of St. Nicholas; twenty-seven at St. Joseph's, Perry county, on the third of August; and sixty at Trinity Church, Somerset. After confirmation, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new church in Somerset was performed. The Archbishop preached on the occasion.

Ordination.—On the first of August, the Most Rev. Archbishop held ordinations in St. Joseph's Church, Perry county, at which thirteen of the Dominican Students of Theology received clerical tonsure and the four minor orders. They are Messrs. J. B. McGovern, J. A. Sheuerman, P. M. Ralph, J. A. Rotchford, J. Heaney, A. Ogborne, P. V. Keogh, Stephen Byrne, F. J. Dunn, M. D. Lilly, M. F. McGrath, D. Sheehy, and J. T. Nealis. On Saturday the last named seven were ordained subdeacons, and on Sunday deacons. On Monday, the Feast of St. Dominic, the same reverend gentlemen were promoted to the priesthood. On the same day five young men were solemnly received to the habit of St. Dominic.

3. DIOCESE OF WHEELING.—**Ordination.**—On Sunday, the 20th of July, the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan held an ordination in St. James' Cathedral, conferring the sacred order of the priesthood on Mr. Joseph Hydencamp and Mr. Henry Malone.

4. DIOCESE OF DETROIT.—**Dedication.**—A new church was dedicated to the service of God at Dexter, on the Fourth of July, the great national festival—a most appropriate day. On Sunday, the 3d of August, the corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. John, was laid in the parish of Ypsilanti, Mich. The ceremonies were performed by the Rev. P. Hennaert, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Cullen, of Ann Arbor, and the Rev. James J. Pulsers, of Dexter.—On Saturday, June 21st, Miss Emilie Bedard received the religious habit and white veil of the order of Ste. Ursula, in Ste. Mary's Church, at Saut Ste. Marie, from the hands of the Right Rev. Bishop Baraga, and took in religion the name of Sister Mary Augustin.

5. DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE.—On Tuesday, the second of July, four young ladies took the white or novice veil of the Sisters of Charity of the B. V. M., at St. Joseph's Convent, ten miles from the city. The names of the young ladies are Miss Margaret Courtney, who took in religion the name of Sister Mary Sebastian; Miss Margaret Short, who took the name of Mary Seraphina; Miss Catharine McCarthy, who took the name of Mary Isidore; and Miss Dougherty, who took the name of Mary Cecilia.

The Right Rev. Bishop Loras officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. Villars, of Keokuk, who preached the sermon to the novices.

On the same day six novices made their religious profession and took the black veil, the final act of separation from the world and consecration to the service of God.

6. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.—Dedication.**—A beautiful church, under the patronage of St. Patrick, in Brooklyn, was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, the 3d of August. The Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn officiated and preached the dedicatory sermon. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, preached in the evening.—On Thursday, July 17th, the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin gave the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy to Miss Dolores McCew and Miss Sophia A. Davenport.

7. **DIOCESE OF PORTLAND.**—On Sunday, the 8th of July, in the Cathedral, the Right Rev. Bishop Bacon conferred the order of sub-deaconship on Eldrick T. Bacon, and on the 14th he conferred the order of deaconship on the same gentleman and minor orders on Michael Lucey.

8. **DIOCESE OF ALBANY.**—On Sunday, August 3d, Bishop McCloskey consecrated a new church edifice in Watertown, New York, with all the solemnities prescribed by the ritual. The Archbishop of New York preached on the occasion. The new church was placed under the patronage of Ireland's Apostle, St. Patrick.

9. **DIOCESE OF NEWARK.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Bayley blessed the corner-stone of a new church at West Bloomfield on Sunday, August 10th.

OBITUARY.—We record with sincere regret the untimely death of the Rev. J. DONNELLY, who had been stationed at Springport, Cayuga county, N. Y. The particulars of his melancholy death are thus given in the *Rochester Union*:

"Rev. JOHN DONNELLY, a Catholic Missionary Clergyman, came to this city in the cars from Springport, Cayuga county, on his way to Batavia. He stopped over, or failed to get on the western train, and went to the east side of the river to spend the time intervening before the departure of the cars. About four o'clock he started for the depot, crossing the railroad bridge on the south side of the track. The south track runs so near the railing of the bridge that not more than a space of eight inches remains between the railing and the box of a car. Mr. Donnelly had passed two-thirds of the way over the bridge along this railing, when he met a freight train just in front from the west and going to North street. The train was under such headway that it could not be stopped, although we hear that the signal was given to break, and that the men in the engine called out to Mr. Donnelly that he was in danger. The locomotive and some of the cars passed, crowding him closely against the railing. His only safety could have been in lying down beside the wheels. Presently he was thrown down by a car and fell partly under the wheels, which severed his legs above the knees. He was then taken up and carried into one of the railroad buildings, and died in about half an hour. One or more physicians were called before the sufferer expired, but could do nothing to save his life. He sank rapidly from the moment of the accident. Two clergymen of his church, Rev. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Flaherty, attended him in his last moments and administered the consolation of religion."

Died, on the 18th of July, at the archiepiscopal residence in Manhattanville, Rev. BERNARD FARRELL, in the 27th year of his age.

Died, on the 24th of July, at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Cincinnati, Sister STANISLAUS KASKA, in the 29th year of her age. *May they rest in peace.*